JOHN BULL

Vol. II. No. 56. SATURDAY, JUNE 29th, 1907. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

No. 246969

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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NAME and FAME

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Vol. II. No. 56. Saturday, June 29th, 1907. One Penny.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. EVERY EVENING at 8 (doors open 7.40), a NEW MUSICAL PLAY, entitled "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."
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SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

As already announced, we have inaugurated a system, commencing with our last issue, under which the cover of every copy of JOHN BULL bears a distinctive number.

Every week, commencing from July 13th (a short interval is necessary for trade purposes), we shall select ten of such numbers by ballot—in the presence of a notary or some other public official—and to the holder of each of such numbers we shall be prepared to pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his using his best endeavours for one week to increase our sales.

We have already pointed out that every reader has daily opportunities, without interference with his present occupation, of getting us new subscribers.

Our scheme is in no sense a lottery. The £5 is paid in return for a week's assistance. We prefer to have canvassers who are already readers of our journal, and consequently most likely to further its interests.

Any reader holding a successful number who may not be disposed to undertake the work, may pass his cover on to any deserving person with whom he is acquainted. The £5 will be paid to whoever brings or sends us the covers bearing the drawn numbers. It must be distinctly understood, however, that the decision of the Editor upon any question which may arise must be accepted as final, and further that NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERED INTO IN REGARD TO THE SCHEME—which is simplicity itself. You simply keep the covers of your copies and look out for the announcements of drawn numbers, which will appear weekly on and after July 20th. If your number is in the list, then send or bring your cover to our Publishing Office and receive the £5 in return for doing your best for one week to obtain us new readers.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

We understand that a deputation, headed by the Bishop of London, is about to wait upon the Prime Minister to urge the necessity of immediate legislation to regulate the scandalous conditions under which, at present, children are brought into the world. It appears that in almost every case the child is born absolutely naked, notwithstanding the presence of the doctor, the nurse, and the mother—and in some instances of certain members of the family. It is contended that such a state of things is subversive of the morality of the nation, and that apart from the injurious effect upon the minds of the spectators, it means the sowing of the first seeds of indelicacy and immodesty in the character of the child itself. We believe the Prime Minister will promise that the subject shall be one of the first to be dealt with—as soon as the Lords have been abolished.

They are having lively times at Jarrow, and perhaps the farce of the present situation may stiffen the back of the Government and induce them without further delay to establish the second ballot. In the meantime, one Ministerial contribution to the contest is not likely to greatly assist the Liberal candidate. It appears that there are scoffers in Jarrow who wink the other eye at the promise of old age pensions. Mr. Asquith has accordingly been asked to settle the point—which he does with true Asquithian austerity. "I cannot do better," he says, "than repeat my Budget statement—*We shall have begun to provide the nucleus of a fund for the relief of necessitous old age.*" This, as we ventured to suggest during the Budget debate, is like offering a protoplasmic cell as a substitute for a fully developed human being. "Begun to provide the nucleus"!

Now that General Botha has got back to Pretoria, out goes the yellow man from the Transvaal mines for good and all. As an economic proposition yellow labour has been a failure. As a moral proposition it has been a pestilence. The gold and diamond boodlers of the Rand have had their turn. They have had their raid and they have had their war—but they have just missed their reward. The first batch of coolies leave for their happy homes this month. Others will follow, till the whole congregation, josses, chop-sticks, and all, have disappeared from the country, and the white man and the natives again come into their own. The eternal forces which make for civilisation are at last asserting themselves. The Transvaal moves towards its new life and destiny. And the dead soldiers sleep.

Mr. John Morley is one of the few members of the present Ministry whom nobody ever hears of oftener than about once a year. Between one Indian Budget and another he is as if he did not exist. The public forget him. The newspapers do not single him out either for praise or blame. He does not advertise. He shrinks from articularity on the platform as in the House of Commons. He is a lame speaker. The splendid

gift vouchsafed to his pen is denied to his tongue. Moreover, his voice is thin, his natural manner cold. His Indian Budget speech the other day would have been splendid, delivered by almost any of his colleagues. The effect of its fine phrases, delivered by himself, was marred by the fact that in some parts of the House they could not be heard. Happily, it is broad-minded, clear-headed, and firm-handed statesmanship in the reading. And, after all, what the nation wants is less men who can talk eloquently than men who know how to act wisely. We shall not blunder into another Indian Mutiny with Mr. Morley in office.

By the way, we owe the Labour members an apology. In a recent issue we asked how they came to let such a flaw into the Workmen's Compensation Act as that which deprived a man from compensation for injuries sustained in the course of his work upon premises other than those in the occupation of his employer. Mr. Fenwick—one of the bulwarks of sound labour policy in the House—was the first to point out our error. We had forgotten that the new Act does not come into operation till next month, and that the anomaly in question is remedied by it.

It is now clear that, when Jingoes say Empire, they mean Centralisation. Dr. Jameson said he hoped all South Africa would be represented by one delegate at the next Conference—which is not very flattering to his recent colleagues. And now some one has written over Mr. Chamberlain's signature urging the incorporation of Newfoundland by the Dominion. Just when everybody is clamouring for decentralisation everywhere, we are calmly told that the reverse is an essential of the patriotic mind.

What is this we hear? Can it be the fact that on Derby Day the Cabinet Council adjourned at an unusually early hour for the express purpose of enabling some of the Ministers to attend the races? And, if so, how can the Prime Minister justify his refusal to afford members of the House generally a similar opportunity of studying the great problem of gambling (and incidentally the effect of the Street Betting Act) upon the spot, as suggested in our recent question? In the words of the stump orator, we pause for a reply.

Speaking of gambling and street betting, we cannot congratulate the Home Secretary upon his recent letter to the secretary of the National Sporting League. Mr. Gladstone reiterates his previous statement that "there is no harm in making an occasional bet, which involves no material loss, to back your opinion on a sporting event"—thus bringing himself under the ban of the Nonconformist Conscience. Then he proceeds, "but if men are fools enough to make a practice of betting because they want to make money, they must not do it to the annoyance of other people." That is all very well, and perfectly sound sense and good law. But the causing of an obstruction in a public thoroughfare has always been a legal offence, and there was no necessity for any fresh Act of Parliament to deal with it. In fact, Mr. Gladstone gives the whole case away by another sentence in his letter, which says: "A man is not allowed to preach or sing hymns in the street to the annoyance of the public." Then why not introduce a Street Preaching Bill?

Just look at the demoralising effect which such legislation has upon the police force. We have already commented upon several of the devices resorted to by constables, under the direction of their superior officers, for trapping bookmakers and publicans, and now we read of a policeman being concealed in a hamper and wheeled up and down a street on a trolley in the enlightened town of Bilston. The worthy officer said he "saw clearly through the wickerwork of the hamper all the doings of the bookmaker, and arranged with his man to cut the string fastening the lid at a given signal." We suggest that, instead of being concealed in a hamper, this particular police officer ought to have the sack. Such proceedings are un-English, unsportsmanlike, and bring discredit upon the whole force.

One of the most interesting points discussed in the Committee on the Criminal Appeal Bill related to the clause providing that the judgment of the Court of Appeal shall be delivered by one member only, and that no information shall be vouchsafed to the public as to the individual views of the judges. In our opinion this is a most undesirable provision, as instead of enhancing public confidence it will tend to destroy it. Imagine a Court consisting of the following seven judges: The Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Channell, Mr. Justice Walton, Mr. Justice Grantham, Mr. Justice Phillimore, Mr. Justice Ridley, and Mr. Justice Lawrance. The result of an appeal might be as follows: For upholding the conviction—Justices Grantham, Ridley, Lawrance and Phillimore; for quashing it—The Lord Chief Justice and Justices Channell and Walton. Without making any invidious comparisons, we say it would be grossly unfair to the public and to Parliament that the decision in such a case should simply be conveyed through the mouthpiece of, say, Mr. Justice Ridley, who would inform the world that the Court, after due consideration, had decided to uphold the conviction. After all, the prerogative of mercy is still to remain, and Parliament would lose its most important lever with the Home Office if it were kept in ignorance as to how the decision of the Court of Criminal Appeal had been arrived at.

Here is a new danger to tourists and week-enders. We have before us a circular issued by the proprietors of Boscombe Grange—which appears to be a Bournemouth boarding-house. One page of the circular consists of extracts from the visitors' book, from a perusal of which we gather, amongst much other interesting information, that a Miss Winifred Siddons during her stay was "thoroughly spoilt." We do not, of course, take the phrase literally, nor do we connect it with the extract which follows it and which tells us that Mr. R. J. McClonghin, of the Students' Club, St. Thomas's Hospital, "spent a ripping holiday here." One of the most interesting extracts, however, tells us that "Mr. and Mrs. J. Williamson spent their honeymoon here, and wrote, 'The best place in the world to stay.'" Of course, allowances must be made for a little natural exaggeration, but surely honeymoon couples are not exactly authorities on the best hotels. As a rule, quite apart from the absence of previous experience, they can make themselves happy anywhere. The point we desire to make is that in view of this new departure people had better be very careful in future what they write in the visitors' book. It might even be advisable in some cases to write nothing.

The Rev. Hyma H. Redgrave, of Burslem, is doubtless a very devout Christian, but he is not a very good business man. He strongly objects to the Rev. Mr. Campbell and his "new" theology, and when it was announced that the City Temple pastor was about to pay a visit to Burslem, Mr. Redgrave issued a public manifesto, protesting against Mr. Campbell and his "anti-Christian" views, and warning everyone against attending the meeting. The result was a natural one—the drill hall was packed to the ceiling. If Mr. Redgrave had really wished to keep people away, he should have told them to go.

The utter absurdity of the Lord Chamberlain's recent prohibition of the "Mikado" was shown in the fact that when, on the visit of the Japanese flagship

to Chatham, Sir Gerald Noel, the British Admiral, was invited aboard, the Japanese band struck up "A wandering minstrel I" and other airs from Gilbert and Sullivan's famous opera. This gross and gratuitous outrage on the Japanese alliance, the British Public, Prince Fushimi, the real Mikado, and the Government of this remarkable country must have been expiated by an abject apology from the Japanese Ambassador. The Japanese could not be allowed to insult themselves with impunity. Hence the withdrawal of the ban.

During the visit of the King and Queen of Denmark, the City Corporation trotted out the same old Venetian masts and flags and banners, and stuck them up in the same old way. Never a royalty comes to London without seeing these twopenny-ha'penny decorations. The City has been saving them up for generations, including the string and the holes in the ground. Thus they are always ready at a moment's notice, and the workmen carry them with unerring instinct to the historic positions, as their fathers and grandfathers carried them in the dim and distant years agone. Apparently their sons and grandsons will be carrying them even as they, for life changes, but the City's decorations for crowned heads, never.

Here are a few instances of the growth of "national righteousness." The Home Secretary has forbidden the Mansion House "tombola"; the Hampstead Guardians have placed two of the workhouse inmates upon bread and water for playing dominoes on Sunday; and the Mayor of Coventry has threatened to resign unless the idea of "fleshings and gauze" for Lady Godiva was abandoned. Truly, righteousness such as this exalteth a nation.

If a man may be arrested for being "drunk and incapable," it does not seem to matter whether the intoxication is due to alcohol or chlorodyne. The incapability and the consequent nuisance to the community, not the causes of it, are the legal offence. Indeed, people who are suddenly taken ill in the street ought logically to be hustled off to a police-station and cast into a cell until they recover sufficiently to be hailed before a magistrate. This being obviously absurd, alcoholic poisoning should be treated as a disease.

It looks as though that Police Commission will still be found sitting at the Resurrection. Meanwhile, they have taken the evidence of Dr. Dent, Chief Surgeon to the Metropolitan Police, on the subject of tests for drunkenness; but, after all explanations and limitations, there seems to be plenty of room for differences of opinion as to when a man is legally drunk. Dr. Dent says he attaches great importance to odoriferous breath and the dilation of the pupils; yet one glass of spirits perfumes one man quite as much as fifty in the case of another, while if everyone with dilated pupils is liable to arrest by the policeman on the beat—well, it is very hard lines on gentlemen who are on their way home from a Guildhall banquet. As a matter of fact, we have heard excellent speeches made at banquets of various sorts by men with dilated pupils—men who would quickly resent even an accusation that they were "inebriated with the exuberance of their own verbosity." To cut the cackle, "When is a man drunk?" When he embraces a lamp-post under the impression that it is his wife? When he hangs his coat on the floor and puts his boots on the hat-rack? When he holds on to the pavement because he cannot find anything to grip with his feet? When he cannot say "truly rural" or "financial statistics" with distinctness and accuracy? When he—but we give it up, for, on the whole, we are inclined to leave it to the unbiased judgment of the policeman. And what about chlorodyne? Has that any odour, and what is its effect upon the pupil?

Peter Karageorgevich has actually ventured outside his konak, and (with incredible rashness) on horseback. Needless to say, he promptly fell off, over-doses of plum brandy not being conducive to equilibrium in equitation. We are told that his nerve was severely shaken, and this surprises us only because we did not know that he had any nerve to shake.

We notice, too, that Peter has actually refused to sign a decree reappointing Pashich as premier on the 11th of June, because it was the anniversary of the murders of King Alexander and Queen Draga. Considering that Peter connived at and profited by those murders, it is surely a foolish affectation on his part to abstain from routine work whenever the 11th of June recurs. We trust that he spends the day in prayer and fasting.

By the way, Peter has falsified the prophecy of Mata of Kremna, who is reported by M. Mijatovich to have said in 1868, King Alexander "will be replaced on the throne by Peter Karageorgevich, who will reign about three years and then disappear." Peter has now played the man in possession for four unhappy years, and, according to Servian tradition, it is time that someone should take steps to hasten his disappearance.

The Foreign Office seems to have muddled things in Abyssinia, despite the clever diplomacy of Sir John Harrington. He had succeeded in neutralising French influence at Addis Ababa, but the Foreign Office gave way about the Ethiopian Railway. It was laid from Jibuti to Diré-Dawa, the junction for Harrar, with the object of killing British trade and influence in Somaliland. This it has accomplished to a certain extent, but everybody knew that it could never pay, and now that Menelik has prevented the continuation of the line to the capital, the company has gone into liquidation. The comedy of the whole business lies in the fact that the company was under French control, though financed with British money. The liquidation is evidently a trick of French Chauvinists to spite British capital, and we shall probably hear of an exclusively French company, with a Government subsidy, taking over the derelict line. The Government ought to take immediate steps to prevent this spoliation of British investors.

Another reminder for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. At the Grand Steeplechase Meeting in Paris £150,000 passed through the pari-mutuels, whilst nearly £14,000 was taken in entrance money. At the Grand Prix Meeting on Sunday the figures were substantially the same. When will Mr. Asquith realise the taxable potentialities lying dormant at his hand?

An instance of the waste of time and money on the circuit system is furnished by the experience of Mr. Justice Channell the other day. He went down to conduct the assizes at Appleby, in Westmorland, only to find that there were no cases to be tried, and the farce was once more performed of presenting his lordship with a pair of white gloves in commemoration of the fact. This is not a rare instance. It frequently happens to other judges. Surely it is a gross absurdity for a judge of the High Court to include in his judicial itinerary a town at which he has no other work to do than receive a pair of white gloves, which he could himself buy at any ordinary haberdasher's for a few shillings. There should be some means of grouping the assize towns together, and then fewer judges would be withdrawn from the High Court to spend their time in places where there are no cases to try at all, or a normally insufficient number to justify a special assize. But, as we said last week, the judges themselves are not at all anxious for any reform of the assize system.

One of our readers suggests that we might spare a

biscuit for Mr. J. D. Rockefeller. In support of this view he sends us the following newspaper cuttings:—

> Mr. Rockefeller's favourite text is: "*The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.*" He recently preached a sermon on this text.
>
> Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, who is now worth £150,000,000, started life at a wage of 25s. per week. In 1865 he was only worth £1,000.

Of course, we know that the good gentleman, who has been led "beside the still waters"—or should it be "beside the bounteous oil wells"?—is well enough off to provide his own biscuits, but our correspondent does not think he will refuse any gift, however humble. Whereto he brings the following witness:—

> "I believe," says Mr. Rockefeller, "it is a religious duty to get all the money you can; to get it fairly, and religiously, and honestly, and give away all you can."

We should like to know what the Rev. Mr. Aked thinks about the matter, and how he reconciles it with the Scriptural injunction about taking no thought for the morrow. Still, Mr. Rockefeller will have the excuse that he "gave away all he could," having regard to the keen competition of Mr. Carnegie and others. And yet people do die of starvation. It is all very strange. Something wrong somewhere.

It is all very well Mr. Haldane being a learned K.C. with a talent for German philosophy, but if, as a regular thing, he is going to have walking-sticks made of cordite, bring them down to the House of Commons with him, and leave them in the cloak-room, as confessedly he has done on several occasions, he will be carrying things a little too far. In fact, if he carries them much further everybody in the vicinity may fare worse. "I preserved a judicial reticence about it" (the walking-stick), he told the House of Commons the other day, "but there was nothing in its appearance to cause apprehension." Where is that stick now? Is it in the hall-stand of his happy home, with his wife and children utterly unconscious of the fate in store for them if they should chance to handle the thing carelessly? A man who carries a walking-stick made of a mixture of guncotton, nitro-glycerine, and vaseline is equal to sleeping with a stick of dynamite under his pillow. A few months ago the wife of a man who did this complained of her spouse at a London Police Court, and the man explained that he slept with the dynamite under his pillow because he could not find a safer place in the house to put it. It is well known that Mr. Haldane has the courage of his convictions; but when next he has the courage of his cordite walking-stick we hope it will be at the War Office. "Heaven is our home"; but few members of the House of Commons desire the War Minister to expedite their journey. They prefer the House, with all its drawbacks.

Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, although a Free Trader, is evidently one of the family. The other day he told the Birmingham Trust that under the present Government "all securities on the Stock Exchange had depreciated, and he felt certain that the next election would show that Liberal finance had done more to reconcile the majority of voters to some kind of tariff revision than all the arguments of Protectionists." He added that "even Free Traders might have to admit that it was less injurious to give a small preference to home industries than a big impetus to foreign investors." Mr. Chamberlain doubtless believed what he said. Yet the plain, blunt fact is that the present Government, with all its mistakes, have done more in their short life for the maintenance of British credit in the stock markets of the world than the late Government did during all their long years of office.

At least, that *should* be the effect of what they have done. They have already placed £9,000,000 to the Sinking Fund, and the charge that they are depreciating public securities and driving capital abroad is, in all the circumstances, a remarkable one. As a matter of fact, the comparative yields of British and foreign Government stocks at the present time show that British credit is still pre-eminent, and that the low range of prices is general. The truth is that values have everywhere declined in consequence of a marvellous trade expansion all over Europe, and this is as true of Protective countries as of our own. In England the Boer War cost the country £250,000,000. Since then there has been the Russo-Japanese War; the earthquakes have turned insurance companies from buyers to sellers; the range of securities open to trustees has been widened; there has been universal trade expansion, which has led to the realisation of low-interest securities to release capital for investment in trade and industrial enterprise, and various municipal stocks have been floated off at a higher interest than British Government securities at present realise. These are some of the plain, palpable facts. They are as plain and palpable as that industrial expansion cannot go on for ever. After the boom the slump; after the fat the lean. And when the lean time, or let us say the normal time, comes, the profits must return for investment. Then securities will jump up again all round. In the meantime we must proceed warily.

"As a director of one of the electric light companies," said Mr. Leverton Harris, M.P., the new Moderate member for Stepney, at the meeting of the London County Council, the other day, "I should like to ask the chairman of the Parliamentary Committee what attitude they propose to take with regard to the electric light companies' Bill? I should like to know whether the L.C.C. propose to let that Bill go through?" For sheer cynical impudence this would be difficult to beat. At the recent L.C.C. election in Stepney the cry was "Harris for Stepney." When next this pattern and public-spirited Moderate goes down to address his constituents the cry ought to be, "Harris for himself and the Electric Trusts." Candidly, we have no sort of sympathy with the London citizen. He had his chance. He deliberately, in the face of all warning, elected men like Mr. Harris to represent him on the L.C.C., and it was said of old that the fool is answered according to his folly.

John Bull's Biscuits.

Award No. 301.

For publishing a picture of an elegantly dressed lady, in luxurious surroundings, lamenting that she cannot go out because she has "dozens of pairs of stockings to mend,"

MESSRS. ROBINSON & CLEAVER
(of Regent Street)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 302.

For re-telling as a fact the old yarn of the guest whose bed was stripped of clothes by a "ghost"—subsequently found to be a chilly friend, unaware that the room was occupied,

THE *NEWS OF THE WORLD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 303.

For stating that they would continue the campaign in England "in the past as they had done in the future,"

MR. CONOLLY
(A Delegate to the Irish Convention)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 304.

For proposing to commemorate the story of Godiva by representing her riding through the town in the full state dress of a Countess,

THE MAYOR AND THE CLERGY OF COVENTRY
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

BOOKS.

By JIM CROW.

I was brought up to regard books as a fetish. I was told that they were my very best friends, my most charming companions, almost my guardian angels. They would solace the weary, hearten the despondent, exhilarate the anæmic. They had to be treated with a semi-religious reverence: their covers were protected with garments of brown paper against the sweat and grime of my hands; to dog-ear them was a sin; to criticise them an heresy. Early inculcations die hard, and I still shudder when I see anyone cut their pages with an open hand. But I know they are false gods. More especially those which were imposed upon me as classics, to be received in a crouching attitude with bated breath.

SCOTT AND THACKERAY.

Scott and Thackeray belonged to that category. I knew they were lamentably long-winded; I loathed the endless descriptions of the one and the dreary divagations of the other; but I dared not say so. I suppose Scott had something to say. After much toil and moil, his readers came away with definite impressions such as are created by a long, slow journey. You left him with the edification engendered by having communed with a fine old gentleman, full of courage and the saner prejudices. Thackeray, of course, was not a gentleman. He was a disagreeable, cantankerous snob, but he laid the rudiments of cynicism, especially when he was maudlin, as in the case of that insufferable old bore and travesty, Colonel Newcombe.

DICKENS.

It was not until I reached a private school that I made acquaintance with Dickens, Marryat, Harrison Ainsworth and Lever. I had been told at home that Dickens was vulgar, a conclusion to which I only returned about twenty years later, when I found him more conspicuously foolish than vulgar. His characters are such caricatures that they are never infectious. Not even a boy wants to imitate them as he wants to imitate the heroes of other writers,—say d'Artagnan or Jack Sheppard. But when I first heard Pickwick read aloud by a dramatic schoolmaster, I was amused. There were so many obvious butts for ridicule, and boys love butts. To laugh at Tupman and Winkle was almost as good fun as to tease a boy smaller than myself.

DISRAELI.

Then Marryat, with his occasional oaths, made one feel very manly. Ainsworth turned one into a partisan, which is to say into a successful historian. And Lever developed sporting instincts. These three afford tolerable foundations for the development of character: if indeed character can ever be developed by books,—which is absurd. I am not sure that such a theory is altogether absurd in the case of Disraeli. His novels have certainly affected my view of life. But then probably any books would have done so if I had read them as diligently. During all the impressionable years of my life I read them over and over again, one after the other, until I knew most of the finest passages by heart. To Disraeli I owe the limpid rhythm of my style, the versatility of my vocabulary, perhaps even the exuberance of my imagination. If I ever felt depressed, a few of his glowing pages acted as an immediate and potent tonic. I felt I had a great career to live for; I learned to despise my fellows; I gloated over the glitter of my genius. I was still young then, remember. But even now, in the sere and yellow leaf, I can still turn to him with the certainty that I shall feel the efficacy of his spells.

VOLTAIRE.

Disraeli was the natural avenue to Voltaire. All Disraeli's heroes were constantly advised to "turn over Voltaire." When I was still at a public school, I bought him, in twenty-four calf-clad volumes, for twenty-four shillings. He is a library in himself. Turn him over where you will, and, even under the most tedious-sounding headings, you are sure to find diadems of whimsical thought and surprising speech. His influence over Disraeli is easy to trace when you come to know both intimately, especially the influence of Candide, Zadig, Micromégas, etc., over The Infernal Marriage, Ixion and Popanilla. But Disraeli often improved upon Voltaire, though not so far as Voltaire improved upon Swift, a clumsier member of the same school. I think the shortcomings of Swift lie in the fact that he was too topical (to borrow a word from our reptile press). The aroma of his allusions was evanescent, and we are not now always sure what he would be at. Still, he had high merits, and few modern writers, with all their advantages of actuality, can rival him on his own plane.

DR. JOHNSON.

I do not know why, but I always associate Johnson with Swift, though not quite so much as I do Disraeli with Voltaire. Of course Johnson (and when I say Johnson I naturally mean Johnson according to Boswell) is one of the few liberal educations afforded by literature. If I had to take two or three books on a long journey, Boswell would certainly be one of them, for he has food for every mood. I am digressing like this while I collect my thoughts about Johnson and Swift. Johnson said "Swift has a higher reputation than he deserves. His excellence is a strong sense; for his humour, though very well, is not remarkedly good." I concur, but I still contend that Johnson was unconsciously affected by his writings. I hope someone will take the trouble to deny this, as I shall then find an opportunity to develop my theory. At present there is no space, for I have already laid down more law than I intended, and I should hate to be thought garrulous.

HOPELESS HISTORIANS.

My purpose was to dismiss books with a few contemptuous words. I find I have blessed where I intended to curse. But the fact remains that the vast majority of books are tedious and useless, whether they be called classics or merely intended for ephemeral recreation. Take historians. Think what stupendous opportunities they enjoy for thrilling, and instructing and entrancing us. Yet how few are even readable. Gibbon, of course, is far beyond reproach: the difficulty is to refrain from reading him again and again; you may still neglect sleep, business, love and even hate for his entrancing pages. Prescott is full of charm. Macaulay can keep you awake, though you know him for a malicious liar and he cloys with the monotony of his turgid style. But Grote, Hallam, Hume, Carlyle, Thiers, Sismondi, almost any standard authority you like to name—what dismal bores they are. If anybody dared to talk as they wrote, he would be hounded out into the nearest wilderness.

BEWARE OF BOOKS.

Travellers, on the whole, are even worse narrators. Few have any sense of proportion; nearly all imagine that they are personally interesting. Poets are like liqueurs, all very well as an occasional vice, but unsatisfactory companions. Still, they shall have a chapter to themselves some day. Philosophers are frauds, except perhaps Herbert Spencer. . . But I am not going to run through the whole gamut of literature and exclaim: "There is none that doeth good, no not one." The point I set out to prove is that books are not friends and companions, as Lord Avebury and other prigs pretend. Books are part of our education and we need them for reference if our memories are bad. But real men do things while others are writing about them. Do not let us overload our minds with the lucubrations of other people, lest our own inspirations be checked and our own natural originality adulterated.

Now that the holiday season is opening, we can heartily recommend our readers to obtain a copy of the "Official A.B.C. Tourist Guide to the Highlands of Scotland," issued by the Highland Railway. Many suggestions for excursions from popular centres are given, with full information as to the reduction in price of tickets and concessions allowed to tourists. The book contains a useful gazetteer and is well illustrated.

WE are asked to remind our readers that the day of publication of this issue (27th June) will be celebrated at the Crystal Palace by the London variety artistes as "Federation Day," when a gigantic programme of attractions will be presented. Other demonstrations will take place simultaneously in such widely separated centres as New York, Berlin, and Paris, as well as in Australia and South Africa. The proceeds will go to the different Music Hall charities and funds.

WE have received a copy of the first number of *Mammon*, "a Sunday paper for investors, speculators, and sportsmen." The appearance of such a journal is a sign of the times. Like JOHN BULL, it takes its motto from Byron, the quotation in this case being "And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair." If subsequent numbers of the journal are up to the quality of No. 1, *Mammon* will undoubtedly win *its* way.

IN THE CITY.

THE WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT AND SAILORS.

On July 1st this Act comes into operation, and, as our readers know, covers accidents to sailors. It is obvious that sailors, from the nature of their calling, and also of their disposition, are less likely, if left to themselves, to press claims of compensation for accident than other classes of workmen, and it was to be expected that associations of one kind and another would be formed for the purpose of representing them in this matter. We have reason to believe that an Association is in course of formation, whose promoter is Mr. D. Morgan, of the Workers' Accident Compensation Society, whose head offices are at 88 and 90, Chancery Lane, W.C. In our next issue we shall have some statements to make with respect to Mr. Morgan and his Workers' Accident Compensation Society, but our present object is to warn those whom it may concern to examine narrowly any proposition that may be put before them by Mr. Morgan having relation to the formation of a society to be known as the Maritime Legal Aid Association, formed, as we read in a circular sent out by Mr. Morgan, "under very influential auspices for the purpose of providing and rendering legal assistance to all those in need of same, more especially the seafaring classes."

THE POSITION ON THE RAND.

If we are to believe what everybody says, there is general depression in the Transvaal. According to Mr. Balfour and the Opposition, the policy of the Imperial Government in opposing Chinese immigration has brought about the industrial crisis in the Transvaal. The mine owners say ditto. Mail advices from Johannesburg are nearly all of one colour. Whatever the cause is, depression is general. It is a puzzling situation. All are agreed that the prosperity of the Transvaal in the sense of large revenues and plenty of profitable trade rests upon the mining industry. If the mining industry is not doing well the merchants and shopkeepers of Johannesburg suffer, and workmen suffer too. Eight years ago the Government of this country declared war upon the Transvaal Republic, mainly moved thereto by the representations of the mine owners, who wanted cheaper dynamite, cheaper railway freights, and cheaper labour, and expected to get them, with consequent higher profits, once the Transvaal became a British possession. After this country had spent £250,000,000 sterling these changes were brought about, and the mine owners have got what they wanted, but still we hear the old complaints, only louder. We have the old familiar picture of languishing industries, and the old predictions of ruin. But how is it that things are as bad, or worse, than they were? Are they as bad? There is not much doubt about the trade depression in Johannesburg; but what of the mines? We know that the output of gold steadily grows, that month by month we have a record; that the output equals the sanguine expectations of the past. Where, then, is the trouble? Is it that the mines have been worked at less profit, or at no profit at all? Not a bit of it! They are doing better and better. Let us take some of the dividend declarations of Rand Mine Companies for 1905 and 1906, and the declarations so far announced for June, 1907. We are indebted to our able and neutral contemporary, *The Statist*, for these figures:—

	June, 1905.	June, 1906.	June, 190
	%	%	%
Crown Deep	30	40	50
Ferreira Gold Mine	125	150	150
Geldenhuis Deep	30	20	15
Do. Estate	35	40	40
Heriot	—	15	15
Knight's Deep	—	5	5
Langlaagte	10	10	10
May Consolidated	20	22½	22½
Meyer and Charlton	25	30	50
Modderfontein	—	—	3¾
Nigel	15	15	—
Primrose	15	20	—
Rand Mines	100	120	60
Rietfontein	—	10	—
Robinson Deep	15	17½	17½
Robinson Gold Mine	8	9	10
Rose Deep	15	10	12½
Simmer and Jack	2½	5	5
Van Ryn	10	10	20
Village Main	20	20	20

Here it will be seen that, as compared with last year, dividends are in nearly all cases either as good or better. It may be said that dividends do not always afford the data for exact comparison. Well, then, let us compare the mine profits of leading Rand mines for the six months of 1906 and 1907, taking, as before, *The Statist* for our authority:—

Comparison of Mine Profits of leading Rand Mines. Six Months with corresponding period of 1906.

Mines (from East to West).	1907 £	1906. £	Inc. or Dec £
Van Ryn	113,000	78,000	+35,000
Modderfontein	56,000	19,500	+37,500
Kleinfontein	118,000	70,000	+48,000
Cason	200,000	Started	—
Comet	40,000	33,000	+ 7,000
Angelo	153,000	96,000	+57,000
Driefontein	44,000	26,200	+17,800
Knight's	100,000	60,600	+39,400
Glencairn	35,000	28,000	+ 7,000
Primrose	106,000	89,400	+16,600
Rietfontein	100,000	54,800	+45,200
Simmer and Jack	247,000	176,000	+71,000
Nourse	102,600	90,000	+12,600
Meyer and Charlton	64,000	52,000	+12,000
City and Suburban	93,000	120,500	— 9,500
Village Main	149,000	104,000	+45,000
Ferreira	181,000	174,700	+ 6,300
Robinson	365,000	300,000	+65,000
Crown Reef	129,000	142,000	—13,000
Langlaagte Estate	91,300	68,600	+22,700
Consolidated Langlaagte	50,000	26,500	+23,500
Roodepoort United	48,000	27,400	+10,600
Luipaard's Vlei	40,000	Started	—

Here, too, we find almost unbroken increases, generally of a very substantial character. These figures, official, unshakeable figures, seem to show—indeed, do show—that the leading mines on the Rand are doing excellently well for their shareholders, or whoever may be the gainers by their prosperity. Yet to listen to the people who write and talk about the Transvaal one would suppose that the industry upon which so much depends was on its last legs!

"WE GUARANTEE AGAINST LOSS."

In our issue of May 18th we directed attention to a circular sent out by Messrs. Laurie and Vincent, outside brokers, of 70, Queen Street, E.C., in which they invite the public to subscribe to what they call their "special deal," and not only promise large profits, "profits unlimited," as they put it, but tell the public that "in all special deals we guarantee against loss." We pointed out the absurdity of this undertaking, and warned those of our readers who required a warning against such nonsense not to be misled by the promise. One of these readers directed the attention of Messrs. Laurie and Vincent to our warning, and invited them to reply to it. They did so, and this is what they say:—

> "With reference to the enclosed matter we beg to say that we really cannot understand how people can judge our business dealings when they know nothing whatever about our methods, whether we meet our due obligations, and so on."

It does not require any very intimate acquaintance with the "methods" of Messrs. Laurie and Vincent to know that those methods, as described in our paragraph of May 18th, will not bear examination. Any firm which invites the public to make them their agents in speculating upon the Stock Exchange, and in order to induce them to remit monies for such a purpose guarantee against loss, must come under one of two categories—rogues or fools. Rogues if the guarantee is illusory—fools if it is not.

THE WEBSTER COACH.

Chas. Webster, Ltd., is a company formed in 1899 to acquire a jobmaster's business in the Mile End Road, with a capital of £130,000. For the first year the ordinary shares received 10 per cent., but since 1900 there has been no distribution, and for some time even the preference dividend fell into arrears. The company's affairs have lately undergone some improvement, for which the reorganised management deserves all credit, in view of the difficulties which have surrounded cartage enterprises, but the financial position is still far from justified. Under these circumstances, is the company justified in running such an expensive luxury with the shareholders' money as the imposing coach which daily journeys from Snaresbrook to Harlow? Few passengers are secured, and, enjoyable hobby as tooling the horses may be for the Messrs. Webster, might not their time be more profitably employed? It would be interesting to see the

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actual receipts and expenditure of the "Webster Coach" fully set forth in detail in the company's accounts.

THE WEST LONDON TRADESMEN'S PROVIDENT SOCIETY, LTD.

We have received from a corresp ndent certain papers in connection with the society trading under this title, and of which one W. H. Dicken is the "General Adviser and Secretary (pro tem.)." Our correspondent tells us that he was led to believe by one of the canvassers of the society that Messrs. Barclay (the bankers) were "really at the back of the scheme." As was to be expected, when our correspondent made inquiry at one of the branches of the bank, he was informed that the bank had "never heard of such a society." From what our correspondent tells us, a good many tradesmen have been induced to become members, and to remit sums of from £3 to £4 for cheques. Before going further into the matter, we should be glad if other readers who have sent money to Mr. Dicken will communicate with us.

NEW ISSUES.

THE ANGLO-MEXICAN OIL FIELDS, LTD., want £60,000, being part of a capital of £250,000 in shares of £1 each. The Company possess certain concessions in Mexico, which are said to be rich in petroleum. Expert opinions quoted in the prospectus leave a good deal to be desired. We cannot recommend our readers to apply for shares.

THE UNITED SERVICES CO-OPERATIVE HOTEL, LTD., wants the public to subscribe £207,000 of a capital of £235,000, for the purpose of erecting and working a hotel upon what is described as co-operative principles. Shareholders staying at the hotel are to be in a privileged position as compared with other guests—that is to say, they are to be accommodated at a special inclusive rate of 10s. 6d. per diem, or in the alternative of 20 per cent. below the terms charged to non-shareholders. Special efforts are to be made to attract official persons, civil and military, to the hotel. A suitable site has been secured near the corner of Brompton Road, facing the Oratory, and if and when the hotel gets in order, the experiment will be watched with interest.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORKMEN'S ACCIDENT COMPENSATION COMPANY.—J. H. (Barry).—We must apologise for not fulfilling our promise to answer your question earlier. Our advice to you is to have nothing to do with this concern or the people who are responsible for it.

ASSURANCE TRUST CORPORATION.—E. H. (Westminster).—We will see what can be done.

RHODESIAN SHARES.—DELTA (Dunstable).—There are plenty of them that can be got cheap enough, but we cannot recommend you to buy any of them. Don't risk your money in such speculations.

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY.—SPRINGBOK (Chester).—No.

BRUNNER, MOND.—G. S. AND CO. (Wimbledon).—(1) We should hold them. The company's prosperity is undiminished. (2) The Nelson shares would be a very speculative investment.

THE INDUSTRIAL HOMES, LTD.—OAK (Oxford).—We know of no good reason why you should not do so.

BRITISH ALLIANCE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—F. T. (Bow).—The answer is in the negative.

TARKWA CONSOLS, LTD.—H. S. (Manchester).—(1) Very little. (2) There is no market for the other shares you name.

THREE SHARES.—R. T. N. (Hammersmith).—Of the three shares we prefer Schweppes.

BUILDERS' BANK, LTD.—ANXIOUS (Manchester).—If there is uncalled capital, and you are a shareholder, you are liable.

PORT LINCOLN COPPER COMPANY.—E. B. (Bristol).—Your friend did you a disservice.

ACTION OF DIRECTORS.—R. W. (West Ealing).—We have returned your papers. If the directors acted exactly as you describe, they seem to have acted *ultra vires*, and in that case would be liable to return the £300, but a good deal depends upon the articles of association bearing upon the point.

COAL SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.—H. F. (Bradford).—We know nothing about this concern.

VALUE OF BONDS.—CAUTIOUS (Plymouth).—The figures you give are much too high. According to Messrs. Keyser and Co.'s last list Ottoman Railway Loan Bonds are about £6 8s. 6d., Congo State £3 10s. 6d., Panama Canal £4 16s.

KRASNEY GOLDFIELD COMPANY, LTD.—E. W. (Grimsby).—We regret we cannot furnish you with the information you require.

"AN INTERESTING OFFER."—L. T. B. (Suffolk).—The answer to your question is in the negative.

INSURANCE OF LIFE.—NOVICE (Wimbledon).—(1) Either of the two companies you name would treat you well. Both are of high standing. (2) You might put your £300 into London and North-Western Railway Stock, which at its present price would give you the return you name. It is not likely that you will have the opportunity for long of buying at the present low quotation.

FINANCIAL INSTITUTION.—ANXIOUS (Llanelly).—We see no inducement that should lead to your putting money into it.

GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY.—W. U. (Bathwick).—These shares represent an excellent investment. The company is one of the greatest of its kind.

BILE BEANS COMPANY.—R. S. (London).—We are obliged for the analysis and your remarks, but we have already had our say, and a very plain say, about these pills.

THE STAR LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—V. (Newcastle).—You need be under no alarm as to your policy with this company.

IMPERIAL AND BRITISH LOAN COMPANY, LTD.—BILLIE MUGGINS (Cricklewood).—(1) According to the terms named in the book you send us, the payment per week on a £10 loan is 4s., and if they require you to pay 4s. 4d. you have the right to object. You should tender the 4s., and they will not be foolish enough to take proceedings against you for an obligation that you have not incurred. (2) With regard to suing your sureties under the joint promissory note you send us, we take it the company is entitled to sue them upon any default by you. It is within their discretion whether they sue you or your sureties.

BRAZILIAN RUBBER PLANTATIONS AND ESTATES, LTD.—F. O. C. (Balham).—(1) The selection was not a wise one. What does the secretary say as to the certificate? (3) Have nothing to do with the people you name.

PREMIUM BONDS.—NIMROD.—The odds against are much as you name. We cannot recommend you to buy them.

COALITE, LTD.—S. M. A. (Stratford-on-Avon).—It is, of course, a very speculative investment, but it looks promising.

EAST FINGAL.—DAY DAWN (Sheffield).—We should not recommend you to risk more money in these shares, or to buy any of the others you name.

PATRIOTIC INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—F. S. W. (Annerley).—The answer to your inquiry is in the affirmative.

THE NATIONAL EXPLOSIVE COMPANY.—PANTARNEUS (Llanarmon).—We have little faith in the reconstruction.

THE ADANSI CONSOLIDATED MINE, LTD.—J. J. F. (Southport).—We do not understand your letter. The resolution passed at an extraordinary general meeting for voluntarily winding up the company was confirmed at the meeting held on the 20th inst., and there is an end of it.

BROKEN HILL PROPRIETARY.—W. S. (Leytonstone).—The answer is in the affirmative.

THE ANCHOR BENEFIT SOCIETY.—R. W. (Hackney).—We cannot advise you to do so.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—G. H. A. (Lillington).—Messrs. Keyser and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., would give you the information you want.

CLAIM UNDER POLICY.—G. B. (Bayswater).—You should consult a solicitor.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—INQUIRER (Haywood).—We advise you to have nothing to do with either of the firms you name.

MILLARS KARRI JARRAH FORESTS, LTD.—BURY (Rochdale).—We know of nothing likely to put up the quotation at present.

FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.—ANXIOUS (Kentish Town).—You are quite right to require a guarantee, or banker's reference, before putting the order in hand. We understand, however, that a large guarantee fund is being got together.

MARGINAL INVESTMENT.—CURIOUS (Gosport).—We do not recommend this class of speculation. You must be a new reader not to know it.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—W. G. H. (Gunnersbury).—You are clearly liable. You say you have received some profits, and you cannot expect to be let off from a loss.

GARDEN SUBURB TRUST.—PINESEEKER (London).—There is no market for these shares. You had better advertise your interest for sale in the *Daily News* or some similar journal.

PURCHASE OF HOUSE PROPERTY.—J. O. B. (Fulham).—We advise you to communicate with Homesteads, Ltd., of 27, Essex Street, Strand.

BALANCE-SHEET.—J. McC. (Clapham).—You are not entitled to a balance-sheet unless the articles provide for it, but under the Bill now before Parliament it will be compulsory for every company to file an annual balance-sheet at the Joint-Stock Registry.

A. H. BULL, LTD.—W. P. N. (Reading).—There is nothing unusual in the proposed Article 27, but the resolution authorising the repayment to Mr. Bull of money he may have paid to shareholders "in lieu of dividends" is unusual, and on the face of it *ultra vires*.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.—H. P. M. (Fulham) and BRIXTON READER.—Have nothing to do with this firm.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—J. M. (Old Trafford).—Your case, as you put it, seems to be one of hardship, and yet in fact you have no grievance. You say you have paid about £160 upon a bond of this Association, that you have bought a house by its means which you want to get rid of, and that the Association only offer you £55 for the £160 you have paid them. But the point for you is whether the Association has in any way broken its contract with you, or induced you to enter into it by misrepresentation. We do not see in the papers you have sent us any indication, much less proof, that they have done the one thing or the other. In our judgment anyone is foolish who takes out a 30-year bond, and binds himself or herself to keep up payments for 30 years, or in the alternative to sacrifice two-thirds of the money paid in. But foolish or not, there is the contract, and if people make foolish contracts they have to stand by them. A. W. W. (West Ealing) has three bonds in the ballot section for £300, £250 and £200 respectively, upon which 22 payments have been made. He would accept 75 per cent. of face value, or nearest offer for any or all of them. F. S. (Burton-on-Trent) has a bond for £500 upon which £57 8s. 4d. has been paid, and for which £35 will be taken. LABORE (Islington) has a bond for £400 upon which £53 14s. 8d. has been paid, and for which £43 will be taken. W. J. (Hull) has a £500 bond on which he has paid £34 18s. and would take £15. REX (Mile End).—We note that you have a bond for £1,000 on which you have paid £156, and that you would take £130 "or near offer." A. W. H. (Brockley).—We note that you have a bond for £300 upon which you have paid £9, and for which you would take £4. J. P. (Harrow) has a £500 bond for sale. He has paid on it £27 1s. 8d. and will take £15. He has also a £200 bond upon which he has paid £8 4s. 8d., and would sell it for £5.

THE ROCK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—C. F. PUTTICK (Kimberley).—Your impression of the position of the company as gathered from its balance-sheet is correct, and we cannot understand how the ridiculous idea you speak of can have found currency in South Africa. We can only explain it as having its origin in the interested statement of some canvassing competitors, knowing, as we do, how frequently misstatements are made and circulated by unprincipled people in competition for business. We have before us the report and the accounts of the company for the year 1906, which were presented at the annual meeting of the Court of Proprietors held on the 30th ult. From this it appears that during the past year 1,622 proposals were submitted to the directors, and that 1,509 new policies were issued, assuring £807,166, carrying premiums amounting to £30,124. Deducting re-assurances, the net amount of new business represented £616,666, carrying a premium income of £23,375. Turning to the balance-sheet, the assets amount to £3,466,717, and include mortgages on property within the United Kingdom, £1,188,848; railway and other debentures and debenture stocks, £574,973; British Government securities, £145,483; and so on, and so on. The company is not only financially strong, but its reputation is high, and entitles it to rank amongst the best of our insurance companies. We hope we have said enough to satisfy you and your friends in South Africa that no heed should be paid to rumours of the kind referred to in your letter to us.

PAID TO THE PEOPLE.

2½ per cent. on Daily Current Account Balances.
4 per cent. to 6 per cent. on Deposits.
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29, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.
And at Brighton, Birmingham, Croydon & Norwich.

THE CHURCH ARMY AND "JOHN BULL."

Prebendary Carlile and "John Bull's" Criticisms.

THE SAMARITAN EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

In our issue of June 8th, and under the above title, we published a letter from Prebendary Carlile, replying to some previous strictures of JOHN BULL with reference to the management of the Samaritan Employment Office and Bureau, and its treatment of the unfortunate people who go to it for assistance. We were compelled to say that Mr. Carlile's reply was not convincing, and we gave our reasons for that opinion. We charged Mr. Carlile:—

(1) With putting forward a very misleading statement when, in appealing to the charitable to assist the Samaritan Employment Office and Bureau, he states that he has surrendered the "best rooms" in the St. Mary-at-Hill Rectory House for the needs of the Bureau.

(2) With selling clothes sent for the use of necessitous but respectable clerks and others to a Houndsditch second-hand clothes dealer, and not setting out the proceedings in the Income and Expenditure Bureau Account as given by him to the public.

(3) With sweating the "respectable City clerks and others" on whose behalf he appeals to the public for money, by deducting a heavy percentage from the monies he receives for the work done by them.

These are allegations of fact easily disproved by Mr. Carlile if they are not true.

JOHN BULL was on sale on the 6th, and on the 7th we received a letter from Mr. Carlile, which we publish below:

June 6th, 1907.

Dear Sir,—In answer to your charge against the Church Army and myself in your issue of June 8th, I regret it seems necessary for me to make the following personal as well as business remarks:—

1. For 25 years I have directed the Church Army, declining all promotion and receiving no remuneration whatever. At St. Mary-at-Hill Rectory I consider I have lost about £100 a year for 13 years by giving up the "best rooms" (that is, those which are valued at the highest rental and could be so let) and the yard adjoining, to the Church Army without any rent. I maintain I had a perfect right to let the upper rooms, which were not the best, and of a lower value, to the Society, if they cared to have them for £60, as I let them before for more. The Church Army is a very undesirable tenant, and in one winter caused me to lose all my tenants except one at a cost of over £100. I feel it very unfair that I should be attacked when I have done what few Rectors in England would do in having a Samaritan Office in my own Rectory. In my predecessor's sherry bins I placed a sulphur box for baking clothes, and in the port bin is a bath for carbolic cleansing.

2. I appealed for money not only for the Samaritan Office, but for the Labour Homes in connection with it, and I had a perfect right, subject to our executive and our incorporated accountants' correction, to allot the balance of the funds I received to those various homes. Copies of accounts are sent to every subscriber, and I have never had any objection raised to the apportioning of the funds.

3. The instructions of the Society to our manager are to pay to clerks all that is received for work done or for clerks' wages, less about 1d. in the shilling, or about 10 per cent. for office expenses. If *any* exceptional cases have been otherwise paid, they are against the instructions of the Church Army executive, who distinctly object to "sweating."

4. I have never heard the name of Mr. Cohen, who is said to buy "old clothes." There are always certain clothes, such as military uniforms, ball dresses, etc., which are unsuitable for poor clerks, and such things are, I believe, sometimes sold to dealers. Certain clothes not needed and not suitable for the City are transferred to the old clothes department at the Marble Arch headquarters.

5. Our accounts are most carefully overhauled by first-class incorporated accountants, and I cannot admit that they are in any way "misleading," nor are there any "discrepancies" in the way that the books are kept. Captain Coleman, who is responsible for the Samaritan Office, which has been an untold boon to thousands of respectable but almost destitute men, will gladly show the books and working at any time to any regular subscriber.

At the time we thought it fairer to Mr. Carlile, and more satisfactory to ourselves, to delay publishing the above letter until the questions of fact had been cleared up, as it is very easy to clear them, and therefore on June 10th the following letter was addressed to Mr. Carlile:—

Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 6th inst. denying certain allegations with respect to the management of the Samaritan Employment Office and Bureau as made in JOHN BULL of June 8th.

You deny that the best rooms at St. Mary-at-Hill Rectory are let to tenants other than the Church Army, and you say that such of these rooms as are let carry a rental of £60 only. This is a question of fact, and I invite you to send me an authorisation to your accountants to give me the exact figures of rental as they relate to all the tenants at the Rectory, and an instruction to your manager there to allow me to go over the rooms and back-yard reserved for the use of the Army. If the evidence so obtained confirms your statement, the error will be admitted in JOHN BULL and apology tendered to you.

You deny that anything like 20 or 30 per cent. is taken from the wages earned by clerks through the instrumentality of the Bureau, and say that your actual deduction is 1d in the shilling. As to this, I invite you to authorise your Accountants to tell me the exact charge as shown in the books, and if their statement coincides with your own the error will be admitted in JOHN BULL and apology tendered to you.

You deny ever having heard of the man Cohen, and say that the only clothes not distributed to the necessitous clerks are "uniforms, ball dresses, and so on." I invite you to instruct your manager to make a statement to that effect, and if he does so, and Mr. Cohen denies that he has bought other clothes than those described in your letter, from the Samaritan Employment Office and Bureau, the error will be admitted in JOHN BULL and apology tendered to you.

You deny that your accounts as published are "in any way misleading." If you will authorise me to communicate with the Accountants upon this point, and they confirm your statement, and say they have never had occasion to complain to you of the way in which the accounts are kept, the error will be admitted in JOHN BULL and apology tendered to you.

It is far from the wish of the Editor of JOHN BULL to be unjust to the management of the Church Army.

We leave it to our readers to say whether that was a proper letter to write to Mr. Carlisle, whether it was or was not the above-board, straight way of dealing with the matter. No answer was received until June 17th, when the following reply, marked "private," came to hand:—

June 15th, 1907.

Dear Sir,—In reply to yours of June 10th, you made certain charges. I denied these allegations in distinct and clear terms. The least that you could do was to insert my letter, which I find does not appear this week. If you have criticisms to make upon it, by all means do so; but I must decline to enter into any further correspondence unless you publish my letter as you cruelly published the absolutely unjustifiable charges against one who devotes his whole life to try and help up persons who are in difficulties and trials. We cannot bind ourselves to assist everyone, especially those who threaten us with attack unless we pay what is practically blackmail. Such persons, I gather, have come to you, and when you know more about them you will know how to value the charges they bring against us.

To this letter we replied as below, under date June 18th:—

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., received this morning. In this letter you say that you decline to reply to mine of the 10th inst. until I have published it, but I thought it better to delay doing so until the correspondence between us is complete. You, however, think differently, and accordingly your letter of the 6th inst will be published in the next issue of JOHN BULL, together with the one now under reply.

So soon as you see your letters in print I invite you to reply to my letter of the 10th inst., and to give me the authorisations without which it is impossible to test the matters of fact at issue between us.

Your letter is marked "Private," but as there is nothing private in it, I assume that you will not object to my publishing it.

Since writing the above we have chanced to receive two letters, to which we invite Mr. Carlile's careful attention. We publish them below:—

39, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.,
June 11th, 1907.

Sir,—With reference to the very interesting correspondence in your valuable paper *re* the Church Army Samaritan Employment Office and Bureau at St. Mary-at-Hill, E.C., I must say I have been highly interested in the developments

THE ROYAL CAR.

WE CAN GIVE

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

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MODELS—

LANDAULETTES, LIMOUSINES, and OPEN TOURING CARS fitted with luxurious coachwork.

Remember, the LONDON to MONTE CARLO RECORD was accomplished on an ordinary STANDARD MERCÉDÈS TOURING CAR. The time occupied by the Mercédès on its wonderful run from Boulogne to Monte Carlo—23½ hours—has *not* been approached by any other attempt.

We shall be pleased to furnish you with full particulars of our Latest Models, or, better still, call and inspect them at our Showrooms, Mercédès Buildings, Long Acre, W.C.

Sole Importers—

DUCROS MERCÉDÈS, LTD.,

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AUTHORISED AGENTS—J. A. Lawton & Co., Liverpool, Preston, Manchester, and Chester; J. E. Hutton, Ltd., London; Canstatt Automobile Supply Association, London.

In the first place, in your issue of May 18 you state, amongst the items of expenditure:—

(1) "Paid clerks for work done (including food and grants in special distress), £1,672 9s. 1d." I might say that, to my knowledge, for quite six years, no food has ever been given, gratuitously or otherwise, to any clerk. When I worked there about eight years ago as an unemployed clerk, we used to get at mid-day some bread and butter and coffee if we had any addressing to do, but that has been discontinued for some years, and now no one gets anything unless he pays and gets it outside.

(2) "Advertising, etc." I should like to know what proportion of £168 17s. 11d. is allowed out of that sum, considering very few (if any at all) advertisements ever appear under that heading.

(3) Now with reference to the item as to how "respectable City clerks and others" are treated. You mention Messrs. Twist and Browning as employing men. I happen to be one of the men who were sent there. Three or four men went there first of all to pack the samples, and they got 3s. per day, and when we were sent the Bureau manager told us we were to receive 3s. 4d. per day, but we naturally grumbled at that, and then he altered it to 3s. 6d. Well, after we had been at the job about two days, we found out from their sub-manager (who was over us) that they (the firm) were paying the Church Army 5s. 4d. per day for each of us, who numbered 24 men in all.

Yours faithfully,
Arthur Johnson.

Rowton House, Whitechapel,
June 18th, 1907.

Sir,—With regard to articles on the Church Army, I stayed for 2½ months at their home at Hornsey Street, Holloway, and can inform you that they retain for their own use 50 per cent. of whatever a man may earn.

For instance, at billing they (C.A.) get 3s. per man per day; the man gets 1s. 6d., out of which he has to pay 1s. for bed and board—viz., a net profit of 6d. to the man. Sometimes there would be hospital work (night), for which the hospital pays 5s. per night. I got 2s. 6d., less, of course, the usual 1s. for bed, etc.—viz., a net result of 1s. 6d.

Sometimes men are sent out to do work in private houses—cleaning, etc., etc., for which the C.A. charge 4d. per hour. Out of this the man gets 2d. per hour, but again, of course, he has to still pay his 1s. per day; in other words, he has to do six hours' work to make up his bed and board before having any profit to himself.

The foregoing only refers to outdoor work, which is by no means regular. Indoors the work is in the woodshed, where a task is set to each man—viz., 120 bundles to be sawn from the rough logs, chopped, and tied up into bundles—an almost impossible task to one not used to the work. For this a man is credited with the 1s. for his bed and board, and any shortage from his task is debited to his account—*i.e.*, to be deducted from the next money he may earn at outdoor work. Failing outdoor, if a man really cannot perform his full task each day, and naturally runs into their debt, they soon find some excuse to turn him out—not a very charitable proceeding, truly. I know of two men who were served in this way while I was there.

As for the question of clothes, what you say is quite correct; they have to be bought—nothing is given to the inmates. There can be no doubt about the 50 per cent. being taken by the C.A., as it is stated in their list of rules on the wall that 50 per cent. goes to the Army and 50 per cent. to the inmates.

Yours truly,
Samuel Broady.

It will be noted that in Mr. Arthur Johnson's letter it is alleged that clerks earning 5s. 4d. per day from Messrs. Twist and Browning are paid by the Army 3s. per day—which represents a deduction not of the 1d. in the shilling which Mr. Carlisle tells us the Army charges, but 5½d. in the shilling.

In Mr. Samuel Broady's letter it is stated that of every sum earned by an inmate of the Church Army at Holloway half is deducted by the Army as its commission, and not only is this alleged; it is further stated that the regulations on the walls of the Home state that 50 per cent. of the earnings are reserved by the Army, and this is the commission for obtaining the work. For not only does the Army get half of the amount earned by the men, it charges 1s. a day for bed and board, so that if an inmate earns 3s. 6d. a day, the actual sum that goes to him is 9d. only. Does Mr. Carlile deny that this charge is made at Holloway, and if it is made how does he justify his statement to us? How justify his appeals to the public for donations to support homes that must be self-paying?

The following letter from a well-informed correspondent supports and emphasises our references to the Samaritan Employment Offices and Bureau:—

POOLE'S TROUSER PRESSERS are the best, simplest, and most effective, no bolts, screws or clamps, weigh only 4lbs., and are a great convenience when travelling. Price 5s., from all Tailors and Outfitters. Poole's Presser, 85, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

I should like in this letter to deal with the ground covered by your first article.

With regard to the first item queried—rent, etc., £168 17s. 11d. Apart from the principle involved, it would be an extravagance to pay 10s. per week for the room which is used as a Samaritan Office—and for other purposes.

The "£1,853 put down for donations in 1905" could be doubled without much risk of exceeding the correct figure.

The item of income, "£1,319 11s., work done by Clerks," will be money received from outside firms for clerical work done. For the work actually covered by that amount, the clerks themselves received roughly £800. The item £1,672 9s. 1d., "Paid clerks for work done, etc.," must, therefore, embrace some other "work done." It does. More than half of the time of the clerks is spent in writing appeals for help in conducting, not the Samaritan Office, but the *whole* of the ramifications of the Church Army. In short, the Samaritan Office is the begging letter department of the C.A.

The phrase, "including food," is most misleading—practically the whole of the food (bread, tinned meat, etc.) is donated, and when donations of kind fall short, so does the supply to the clerks. "Grants in special distress," when made, usually precede departure to some more or less permanent employment, and include careful arrangements for repayment.

"Salaries" requires an explanation. The officer-in-charge is a Captain of the C.A., performing all the usual duties of such, and overlooking the Samaritan Office as an extra, for which the pay is but a few shillings per week. There are no other "Stationery, sundries, and office expenses," except pens, ink, and paper, and for the ordinary work of the office 20s. per week would be an extravagant figure for these. The inclusion of the stationery used for the General begging letters before-mentioned helps to increase the item of course, and it must also include some "General" printing and "General" advertising, as these items do not specialise to the Samaritan Office beyond a very negligible quantity.

When clerks are sent out to temporary work they go as employees of the C.A., and whatever is received are *never* paid more than 4d. per hour.

We now call upon Prebendary Carlile to answer the specific questions put to him in our letter of June 10th. Unless and until he does so, the inference is obvious. In the meantime we reiterate the charges formulated at the head of this article.

ÆSOP'S FABLES UP-TO-DATE.

"FOR HE HAD GREAT POSSESSIONS."

A Certain Rich Man felt Himself growing Old,
And as He had got His Millions by Means more or less Honest,
But mostly Less,
The Remnants of Conscience which He possessed began to Prick Him.
So he Took him to a Sky-Pilot.
And the Pilot told Him to Give his Money to the Common People.
So he Built a Library.
And he Built a Chapel.
Then he Asked the Pilot, "Am I any Nearer to Heaven?"
And the Pilot said "Not a bit."
So he Built a Hospital.
And he asked The Pilot if he were Any Nearer,
And the Pilot said "Not a Jot."
So he built a Museum.
And he Asked the Pilot if he Were any Nearer,
And the Pilot said "Not a Tittle."
Then he Said, "If I am no Nearer now, How can I get Nearer?"
And the Pilot made Answer, "You can't. But you may Be able to Get a Glimpse of Heaven While you Are on the Road to Hell."

F. W. Thomas.

At the invitation of the Directors of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company a representative of John Bull had an opportunity on Saturday last of inspecting the latest addition to their fleet, the s.s. *Avon*, 11,000 tons, which will take her place in the South American Mail Service on Friday next, the 28th inst. Although not of such mammoth proportions as some of the North American Liners she is nevertheless a roomy and magnificently appointed vessel, luxuriously furnished and containing all the latest improvements and ideas for the comfort of passengers, notably amongst them being the installation of electric fans in every cabin, which, having regard to the fact that her route lies principally in tropical regions, should be much appreciated by travellers.

THE HURLY BURLY.

XIII.—PHYSIOGNOMICAL AND OTHER ASPECTS OF THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

Until the other day I thought it was impossible to discover any new aspect of the smoke nuisance. The smoke nuisance is a perennial topic. We have all been talking about it for years, and until coalite is proved to be a product with a market we shall go on talking about it. One aspect of the coal nuisance is the waste in unconsumed carbon, and from time to time an arithmetician arises and calculates the cost at so many hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling per annum in London alone. Then there is the health aspect. Our lungs, say the physiologists, are grey-black with coal deposits. In the course of a year we breathe enough coal to make a fire and boil the kettle, or cook the Sunday joint, or something of that sort. Then there is the beauty aspect. About thirteen million tons of bituminous coal are burned every year in London. One quarter of this goes up the chimney in smoke. That is to say, about three million and a quarter tons make for us a sort of coal roof in the sky. When the rain falls some of the roof drops, and we get it on the garments wherewithal we are clothed. That coal roof also shuts out the sun, and sometimes the moon and stars. The unconsumed smoke likewise causes London fog and confuses the way home. I thought this had about exhausted the subject; but it doesn't. Sir W. B. Richmond has dissipated my ignorance. I now know more about the smoke business than I did.

It appears that there is an organisation called the Christain Social Union, which meets in the Chapter House of St. Paul's. To this body Sir William Richmond has been delivering an address on the smoke evils of London. I have not been able to obtain the full report of the address, but a short paragraph in the papers convinces me that there are more things in unconsumed smoke than I ever dreamed of. Take the weather and the climate, for instance. When I was a boy I could reckon on spring being spring and summer summer. Skating came almost as regularly at Christmas as plum pudding and goose. We knew what to expect, and arranged accordingly. Now things are changed. The seasons are all mixed up. There are no such things as spring and summer. Winter lasts till the middle of June. From June to November it is autumn, and then we go on to winter again, with a wet or a foggy Christmas. You won't believe it, perhaps, but this idiotic jumble of the seasons is due to the smoke nuisance. "Late springs and early autumns are caused by London smoke and nothing else," says Sir William Richmond. Providence has nothing to do with the business. London smoke has crowded Providence into a back seat. It has hidden Providence from the public eye. If we all started to consume our own smoke we should not only save 25 per cent. of our coal bill, but there would be an improvement in the weather.

But this is not all. That roof of coal in the sky of which I have been speaking shuts out the light, and, as Sir William Richmond correctly observes, where there is no light there is no colour. "Hence," he adds, "the pallor of the people." We now get an answer to the question, "Why is the curate pale?" The smoke does it. It withers the blushing roses of his maiden cheeks. He can no longer blush as he should, even at his own sermons. As the curate, so more or less the rest of us. We Londoners know the country-fed man and girl on sight. They are adorned with a complexion that doesn't cost two-and-nine a bottle. It hasn't to be put on with a sponge or a brush. We contrast their cheeks with their own—the healthy red with the yellow white. They haven't a smoke nuisance in the country. But the unconsumed carbon passing up our chimneys as smoke not only makes us pale. It seems that it makes "poor girls of fifteen or sixteen very often toothless." If we had less smoke we should have more teeth.

Then the smoke evil has also an effect on our chins and noses—at all events, Sir William Richmond says so. It is an awful trial to have a nose you do not want. "The terrible snub noses and retreating chins," says Sir William Richmond, "are largely due to the absence of light." I do not quite see how this is. However, I do not profess to be an expert in these matters, and if Sir William Richmond says that snub noses and retreating chins are due to the smoke nuisance I am willing to take his word for it. For the evils it causes are so many that one more or less on the list, even if not true, is of little importance. The case against it has long been proved up to the hilt, and in or about the millennium, if not before, we shall all join in a resistless demand to see the sky and the sun, even as nature intended that we should.

YOUR WONDERFUL HAIR.

Nature has taken great pains to make it strong and healthy. Are you sure that you are not working against Nature, and making it weak and ill-conditioned?

It is a commonplace of science that the more one considers the human body and the manner in which it is built up, the more marvellous it appears to the human intelligence.

Consider a single hair for instance, and see how it grows!

At the bottom of a tiny little sheath in the skin of our scalps lies a small bud-like organism called the papilla, or hair-root.

As long as the hair grows this little papilla is working night and day, drawing material from the surrounding tissues and building it up into the tiny cells which eventually go to make up the structure of the hair-shaft.

Up grows the infant hair, up through its sheath, or follicle, as it is called, and so emerges into the air.

But if unprotected now the hair would become dry and harsh and brittle; it would split or break off.

And so, before it leaves its sheath, it is lubricated from a little oil-flask which Nature has provided for each hair for that purpose.

And all the time the papilla below is building up structure cells and sending up also a continual stream of the pigment that gives the hair its colour.

And so the hair attains its strength and maturity.

But it is only just at the beginning of its struggles. Placed in such an exposed position as it is, it is especially liable to the assaults of microbes.

There is one type of bacillus that irritates the oil-flasks of which we have spoken, and causes them to pour out a far larger quantity of their greasy secretion than is needed. Scurf is formed, and the hair rots away. Sometimes, again, the hair is not moist enough, becomes brittle, and splits off. The hair attacked in one way becomes weak and falls out, in another way it turns grey and loses its colour, in another a tiresome, irritated condition of the scalp is set up.

You would, perhaps, like to learn how these conditions are brought about and how best they are cured.

You will find all the information you need in that interesting, popularly-written treatise, "The Hair," the author of which is the well-known London consultant, Mr. Warner Oliver, of 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

You may obtain this book free of all charge if you write to Mr. Warner Oliver now. Mention JOHN BULL and state whether you are Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and the reasons why you are dissatisfied with the present condition of your hair, and it will be sent post free to any address. It contains no puff or advertisement of any specific hair restorative. It is purely a scientific but useful treatise on the hair.—Mr. Warner Oliver, 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.C.—ADVT.

Swan & Edgar Ltd.,

Piccadilly, Regent Street, W.

Gentlemen's Dept.

We are making a speciality of
Lounge Suits.

Ready made Single Breasted Jacket, with Trousers (no Waistcoat), **21/6.**

Double Breasted, **23/6.**
To order, **2/-** extra.

SIZES OF READY MADE SUITS.

Patterns & Self Measurement Form on Application.	Chest.	Waist.	Inside Leg.
	36	34	32
	38	36	33
	40	38	34
	42	40	33

Genuine Folding Panamas, **15/6.**
Extra fine quality, **25/-** & **35/-.**

What is Your Number?

See Page 1.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Lord Tweedmouth, First Lord of the Admiralty.

Dear My Lord,—I am not surprised that the Opposition made the most of the fact the other day that you were a large shareholder in a brewery company which supplied the Navy with beer. Of course, the Secretary of the Admiralty tried to pooh-pooh it as very small beer, but as a reply that lofty method was not considered convincing, and by the time Haldane had risen to try to extricate you from a tight and awkward corner you had the whole Opposition down on you and smiting you hip and thigh.

Everybody remembers the row the Radicals raised, and properly raised, when it was discovered that Joseph and his brethren were interested as shareholders in a company having contracts with the Tory Government; and now we have you, my lord, in a similar equivocal position. What is sauce for the lamb is sauce for the mutton; what is a shame and a scandal in a Tory Joseph is not a credit and a virtue in a Radical Tweedmouth. It is not a whit more naughty, and not a whit less for a Tory Minister to hold shares in a company supplying the Army with ammunition wherewith to shoot than it is for a Radical Minister to hold shares in a company supplying the Navy with beer wherewith to drink. I dislike the Radicals when they are utterly too good, my dear lord, just as I dislike the Tories when they are utterly too bad.

Somewhere in the more ancient classic literature I have read a precept concerning the beam and the mote. May I earnestly direct your lordship's attention to that scathing admonition? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Justice Phillimore, High Court of Justice.

Dear Phillimorality,—I see that you have been distinguishing yourself again. In charging the Grand Jury at the recent Cambridge Assizes, you remarked that you felt no surprise at the heavy calendar, because the county included Newmarket, the headquarters of English racing, where your master, the King, spends many of his happiest days of well-earned recreation. What a narrow-minded, unjudicial temperament you do possess, to be sure. Do attend to your proper business. It requires all the attention you can give it, for a High Court judgeship is a big position for *any* man to properly fill. And don't overlook that italic. I don't pay for your views on religion, or morality, or the marriage laws—and I don't want them. Just apply such intelligence and knowledge as you possess to the just and impartial administration of *my* laws; take your salary, and, in due course, your pension, and otherwise hold your tongue.

I commend to your earnest consideration the well-merited rebuke administered to you by the Rev. Mr. Young, the Rector of Newmarket. He says "There is a modern tribe of Pharisees" who go about the world poking their noses into other people's business, and tells you that, after ten years' experience of the West End of London, he is satisfied that people at Newmarket are just no better and no worse than elsewhere, and describes your recent utterance as "a scandalous slander, and a specimen of the most contemptible type of the narrow bigotry of modern times." Perhaps next time you are at the Cambridge Assizes you will attend Divine service at Mr. Young's church—when I will ask him to enlarge upon this text. JOHN BULL.

To Colonel Sir C. E. Howard Vincent, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.L., A.D.C., M.P., etc., etc.

Dear Sir Howard,—You will probably agree with me by this time that people who talk to themselves often have a fool for an audience. When you next give way to your unfortunate habit, you will do well to take care that you are not overheard. The just and dignified rebukes addressed to you by the Speaker and John Morley must have been as painful to them as to yourself, for nobody could really be angry with you. That beaming, chinless face of yours must disarm the most savage of your critics, and what would the House of Commons be without its crusted jester? You are always ready to amuse even at the expense of the silkiest of silk hats. So I suppose it is only one of your quips to pose as a bloodthirsty tyrant. It is true that you are an honorary colonel of volunteers, but I verily believe you would not have the heart to hurt a fly, much less an invading alien. The only thing I have never been able to understand about you is how a man of your peculiar attainments can have contrived to secure the confidence of a large manufacturing centre. Verily, electors are strange beings.

JOHN BULL.

To Rev. H. F. Tracey, Dartmouth.

Rev. Sir,—There is a great deal to be said for your views on the Church as a profession for young men. As you tell your parishioners, "the prospects of earning a living in the Ministry of the Church of England after you have ceased to be young are very remote." What is more, my friend, the prospects of earning a decent living in it while you are young are very remote also. So the Church cries in vain for curates, good, bad, or indifferent. The harvest is unplenteous and the labourers are few.

Young men of energy, brains, and character are taking these commodities into other markets. The "fool of the family" will probably drift into the Church as ever, to preach to empty pews with his inane and insipid exhortations, but the children of light will more and more turn away from her walls. For them she has no career, and very little bread. It is a pity. And it is a shame. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Emil Reich.

Dear Sir,—So you are at it again? This time it is the millionaires—the "multis," as you so unfeelingly call them. What have they done to merit the additional misery of becoming the subject of your laboured wit? And what, in the name of common sense, are "the poutings of a depressed mind"? But it is Mr. Carnegie against whom you have a particular grievance. It appears that he once declined to let you help him spend his money. Monstrous! How dare he? In your disinterested way you suggested that he should pay 300 great scholars—where was he to find them?—to draw up a critical list of useful books in thirty branches of knowledge, and your estimate of the cost was a mere bagatelle of £300,000. Apparently these gentlemen were to receive £1,000 apiece for their arduous labours. I wonder if I could name one of them Reich? (By the way, *how* do you pronounce that name of yours?) You lament further that "The official post of king's (or multi's) fool is not quite feasible." And again, "When I made my proposal to Mr. Carnegie I had not yet completed my study of king's fools. That's why I failed." But, if you can't be a multi's fool, still, "a fool's a fool for a' that," so don't worry. JOHN BULL.

To the London County Council, Spring Gardens.

Gents,—You are doing yourselves proud. You have become Municipal Reformers with a vengeance. Already you have arranged for a huge Electric Trust, abolished several Sunday schools because they taught Socialistic doctrine, struck Mrs. Gaskell's pretty story, "Mary Barton," off the list of the school libraries on the ground that it is unsuitable for children, are about to spend £1,000 on an outside audit which is not to be an audit at all, intend to charge for games played in the people's parks and open spaces, and despite the flapdoodle of election leaflets about "better homes, cheaper rents," you announce that there is no prospect whatever of reducing the rents in your model dwellings. Go on and prosper, my dear gents. Go on as you have begun. The Many-headed returned you, and the Many-headed must pay the price for trusting in your bosh, bunkum, and blarney. JOHN BULL.

MRS. PARTINGTON AT WORK.

THOSE WICKED SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

By G. W. Foote (President, National Secular Society).

The closing of a few Socialist Sunday Schools by the London County Council may seem a small matter. But to a scientific eye size counts for nothing. It is much easier to explain the Alps than it is to explain Napoleon. The lifting of an eye may have vaster results than an earthquake. Men are great or small by their nature; facts are great or small by their consequences; and consequences are great or small according to the principles they involve and illustrate.

I venture to say, therefore, that this "small matter," as so many will think it, is the most important thing the new County Council has done. For it leads direct to the question whether public functionaries have a right to promote their own ideas, and suppress other people's ideas, by means of public money and public machinery. If they have that right, every minority, as long as it *is* a minority, only lives and speaks and acts on sufferance. Even the majority itself may fall under the same tyranny; for every majority is governed by its own majority, and thus an actual minority of a whole city or nation may coerce all the rest of their fellow citizens—and carry on the coercion up to the point where endurance ends and rebellion begins.

Nor is that all. If we are to be tyrannised over, it is best to have a respectable and competent tyrant. He will maintain a certain dignity, he will feel a certain personal responsibility, he will look farther ahead, and he will make fewer mistakes. Mob despotism is the worst of despotism. I should immensely prefer a Cæsar or a Napoloeon. The dictator may have brains; the mob never has any. Taking the Gospels as they stand, it was the educated, polished, and experienced Roman governor who tried to save Jesus from his religious enemies; it was the mob who shouted "Crucify Him!"

"Moderate" "New Theology."

That supreme illustration ought to abash the Moderate majority on the London County Council. They are all Christians; at least, it is the Christian faith of which they are the self-constituted defenders—as though, after all these centuries, it should need their championship! If I were a Christian, I should be ashamed of such protectors. The Pope professes to be, and millions believe him to be, God's vicegerent on earth. There is something in that—whether it be true or false. But your County Councillors, who fought for their seats over questions of finance, and electric lighting, and street tram-lines, and river steamboats; that *these* men should take it upon themselves to act as religious censors for London—that *they* should decide what shall and shall not be taught in hired public buildings—this a grotesque absurdity to Freethinkers, and to sincere Christians it should be a positive profanation.

Why should the County Council stop at school buildings? The principle they act upon covers all public property. Those who do not accept the Council's religious programme should also be excluded from the Council's tram-cars and the Council's streets. This is simple logic. The Council should draw up a "New Theology" of its own, and deny every privilege of citizenship to nonconformers. It should make them wear a special costume, and confine them to a special part of the Metropolis—as the Jews wore their gaberdine, and lived in their ghettoes, during the fanatical (and logical) Middle Ages.

It will be said, perhaps, that the Socialist Sunday Schools have been suppressed simply because they were Socialist. Well, the principle I contend for would still stand. I advocate the equal right of *all* opinions. But I dispute the statement. I hold that these Sunday schools were obnoxious because the teaching in them was unorthodox. The underlying motive was religious bigotry. This is proved by the speeches of their enemies—and by the nickname of "Atheist Sunday schools."

Brown, Jones—and Robinson.

Mr. Robinson, who carried his motion for shutting up the schools by a majority of 66 to 40, may be a man of great ability. On that point I am ignorant. What I know is that he talked nonsense on this occasion. He complained that the "Marseillaise" had been sung—and the "Marseillaise" is the national hymn of the great country with which we rejoice in having an *entente cordiale!* English military bands have played it to our French visitors. Surely the great Mr. Robinson must have been talking to the gallery. And what shall be said of his next complaint? The children had sung "England Arise." Well, why shall not England arise? We may understand Mr. Robinson's objection to the process, without accepting it as decisive. A much more distinguished person than Mr. Robinson sang—

Arise, arise, arise!
There is blood on the earth that denies ye bread.

The singer was Shelley, and we know what the Robinsons of his day thought of him—and what the world thinks of *them* now. But let us come to the third complaint. Mr. Robinson said that a hymn had been sung about "there being no Saviour from Heaven." Evidently this touched Mr. Robinson in a very sore place. If there was no Saviour in Heaven, how was the "Moderate" victory to be accounted for? If that was not the hand of God—what ever was? But it could hardly be expected that this would be so apparent to the poor children in a Socialist Sunday school, or even to their teachers. Some allowance must be made for the hard schooling of poverty and misery. The underdogs in the great struggle for existence are so apt to be insensible to arguments about the Divine wisdom and beneficence that carry such conviction to the upper-dogs. When it comes to the Saviour in Heaven, they not unnaturally say that as far as their life in this world is concerned—the only one they are quite sure about—they do not see that Christ has done anything for their salvation—however much he has done for Mr. Robinson's; and they have conceived the idea that, if they are ever to be saved, they must save themselves—however wicked this may appear to Mr. Robinson and his friends. The question they are keen about is not spiritual, but social and economical; and calling them names, and driving them out of public buildings, will not turn them off the scent. Socialism may not be sound. I am not a Socialist myself. I want many things that Socialists want—but not all, and I do not wear their label. Yet I am prepared to say that something must be done to remedy the gross evils of our pretended civilisation—before it is quite too late; and, considering that Europe has had so many centuries of Christianity, it is not exactly astonishing that reformers are looking in other directions for salvation. Louis Blanc, sixty years ago, told the French priests this in an epigram: "The Redeemer, you say, has come; but when may we expect the Redemption?" And perhaps it would do Mr. Robinson and his friends good (if they could understand it) to read Mr. Swinburne's "Lines before a Crucifix." To ask them to read the poetry of Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy might be too cruel. One ought not to overtax the brains of London County Councillors—at any rate, of those of the Robinson type.

Birmingham Tyranny.

This suppression of Socialist Sunday schools in London is on all fours with the arbitrary treatment of the Secularists at Birmingham. Under the old School Board, the local branch of the National Secular Society was debarred by express resolution from the use of any school-room for Sunday meetings; and this resolution is upheld by the Education Committee of the City Council, although the school-rooms are available to all other organisations. The Secularists are the only people excluded from the buildings they are rated to erect and maintain. It is a sheer act of deliberate and shameless oppression. And the curious thing is that the Lord Mayor continues to grant the Secularists the use of the Town Hall for occasional Sunday meetings. I have addressed great gatherings in that magnificent building all the time that the Secularists were not good enough to enter a common school-room. Which seems to show that despotism may be easier for a committee than for a single high-placed official. The one has to bear all the shame; the many divide it up, and it comes to nothing apiece.

Above all—Liberty!

The moral of these incidents is that "vigilance is the eternal price of liberty." We require to be on our guard, not now against the despotic power of kings, but against "the never-ending audacity of elected persons." Bigotry and the lust of power are not confined to a class or a family; they are the common vices of human nature; and they develop and strengthen wherever they are allowed to grow. We must *not* allow them to grow. We must stand up for equal rights of citizenship for all parties, and equal rights of opinion for all individuals. Liberty is every man's interest—if he only knew it. It is greater than all particular views, for it is the condition of all healthy thinking, and the final security for truth itself. One man's thought may be like a lowly cottage—another's may be like a splendid palace—and another's may be like a mighty mountain, broad-based upon the earth, and alone at its summit with the sun and stars; but liberty is like the blue dome of heaven that overarches cottage, and palace, and mountain with the same majestic ease.

THE HUNTING INSTINCT.

(A HINT.)

By O. Lethbridge.

"Give him a great deal!
Give him a great deal more!
But—never give him everything."
—Max O'Rell.

Dinner was finished, and the servants had left the room. Over their wine and the last remnants of a few nutshells a man and a woman were sitting.

"Beatrix!"

"Yes."

"Do you know that to-day is the tenth anniversary of our wedding?" He looked at her inquiringly, a quizzical expression on his fair, good-looking face.

"Yes—I know." She toyed with a tiny salt spoon, and only a very close observer would have noticed that her hand trembled nervously.

"Our marriage was going to be very ideal, wasn't it?" he continued, after a while—"the union of souls, and—er—the sort of thing that lady authoresses tell us so much about!"

"And I—I believe, darned your socks!"

"You did! My heels were rubbed sore!" He laughed whimsically. "And I never said a word for fear of hurting you! Such a state was certainly unnatural——"

"— and Céleste darns them much better?"

"Oh, I suppose so!"

There was a short silence. Presently he came up and put his head against hers, suddenly—

"Beatrix, I want to ask you something."

"Well?"

"What has made you so cold to me all these years? People call ours a 'most happy marriage'! We have pulled along splendidly, I know! You have been all that is sweet and good, and I am as much your lover as on the day I married you. But I know you no better than I did then; I may say—I know you less! Why is it?" He stopped, like most Britishers a trifle ashamed of his outburst—"Is it that you don't love me?"

"No—oh, no," her voice was almost a whisper.

"Then why?"

She did not answer for a long time, and then she looked up and their eyes met.

"It's the secret of my life," she said.

* * * * * * *

"There has never been a moment, all these years," she began presently, "that I have not longed to put my arms round you—and kiss you—as a woman kisses the man she loves, and who loves her! Never a time I have seen you sad that my heart has not cried out to you till I thought yours must have heard out of very sympathy—when the longing to comfort you has been almost more than I could bear."

"Beatrix!——" But she turned her head away.

"No, listen," she said, "since you have asked me."

"Twice I nearly betrayed myself. Once when you had that bad go of fever out in Calcutta; you were asleep, and I kissed you!"

"I remember," he said; "I thought it was a dream—go on."

"The other time was when—the boy—died."

"Oh!"

"And now I have broken silence, and you know. All these years I have worshipped and adored you, Jack—and you called me cold——"

He faced her helplessly.

"But, Bee, I don't understand!"

"Of course not; you men never do! I knew—that my power lay in your subjection! That if a woman is to keep a man's love, he must never know the depth of hers! It is the instinct of the hunter." She could proceed no further, for his arms were round her.

"Beatrix! Beatrix!"

She trembled and hid her face.

"It has been so hard—and I'm glad I've told you."

She sighed. His face was radiant.

"I will show you the worthlessness of your theory," he said. "I will be the most devoted husband in the whole wide world"—and he kissed her again and again.

She kissed him back, but her eyes were very wistful.

"Will you, Jack?"

"I will, my dear!" he said.

* * * * * * *

And to a certain extent he was! For he was a good fellow, and he was very fond of her!

But she had lost her lover.

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THOS. NEILL, *General Manager.*

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

The Decorated Acter.

A curious thing happened last week, or rather, two curious things. The "London Gazette" notified us that the King had granted to Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree the royal licence and authority to accept and wear the insignia of the Third Class of the Royal Prussian Order of the Crown, conferred upon him by the German Emperor "in recognition of valuable services rendered by him," Mr. James Thomas Grein being simultaneously allowed to bedeck himself with the symbols of the Fourth Class of the Order of the Red Eagle. This was one of the curious things; the other was Mr. Tree's entertainment by the Vagabonds' Club, and his eulogy of artistic vagabondage. Never was the humbug that underlies the granting of the bulk of the so-called distinctions for which some men strive and the public orations of which most leading actors are so fond; never was this humbug, I say, more amusingly illustrated. I rate Mr. Tree as an actor a good deal higher than he is generally rated; but when he tries to pose as a Third Class Prussian grandee, decorated for valuable services to the Kaiser, and as a rollicking young vagabond at the same time, I smile, and that broadly.

The Posing Star.

Yet this pose of Mr. Tree and his Sancho in the Press is quite characteristic of much of the pretence that annoys sane, wholesome men with many of our stage stars. They want to be regarded as both Bohemians and Philistines, artists, and profit-mongers, to be rewarded with cash down as well as fame, with the approval of the groundlings and the fellowship of the immortals. And it cannot be done; the artist in the motor-car got there as a rule the more quickly the less artistic he was, and the riband in his coat has no more relation to his gifts as artist than the milk in his porridge—it is the badge of Philistia. As a matter of fact, Mr. Tree has a great deal of the artist about him; and he knows as well as I can tell him how little these foreign gewgaws count, how absurd is half the flummery in which he and his kind indulge. There are not five men with the free instinct of vagabondage in the Vagabonds' Club; the smug respectabilities profane a great name and a noble company of fine artists and cheerful sinners when they use the title, the more so when they invite prosperous Bishops and bank chairmen and publishers and "star" actors to patronise them. If only Mr. Tree and Mr. Grein could hear the amused chuckles with which their decorations are mentioned at clubs like the Savage, the Eccentric, and the Playgoers', where just a suspicion of the Bohemian outlook still survives, they would repent them in sackcloth and ashes for ever.

"Spoof" at the Club.

I was present a few nights ago at a little gathering in one of these clubs, when the members entertained one another by adapting the Tree-Grein decorations to the requirements and deserts of other actors and critics. For reasons that need not be particularised further I am impelled to suppress some of the distinctions; but a few of the orders and their subjects arranged may be worth mentioning, and are very inoffensive. For example, in recognition of Mr. William Archer's services to the American drama we have asked Mr. Roosevelt to offer him the insignia of the First Class of the Yellow Dog; and as a reward to Mr. A. B. Walkley for his efforts in popularising the French language among readers of the *Times* we decided to ask M. Fallières to put him on his list of candidates for the Second Order of the Clipped Poodle. An elderly actor of great personal charm and gallantry was given some distinction with pink-eyed *lapin* in it; and Mr. Welch, I remember, is to be made a Knight of the Tin Weskit for earning the unstinted eulogy of the *Daily Mail* and the *Hardware Trades Gazette*. A singularly modest manager, with a house near Trafalgar Square, will be happy to know that whilst his ancient enemy is only a Fourth Class Red Eagle, he is to be (if we can work it) a Third Class Blue Crow.

Abstruse Humour.

Several musical comedy managers are to be given decorations associated with the Plucked Pigeon, the Cooked Goose, the Bronze Angel, and an order of which I had not heard before, and which sounded to me like "Duds." Mr. Granville Barker's Ibsenite activities will be rewarded by the First Feather of the Wild Duck, and the insignia of the Parson's Nose—another branch of the Wild Duck decoration I understand—is to go to the Reverend Martin Harvey for his heroic efforts to follow in the footsteps of the late Wilson Barrett. The joke was carried even farther, and the farther it was carried the worse it fared. I have said enough however to show that the real Bohemian refuses to take these

be-ribanded actors and hybrid critics at their own (or the Kaiser's) valuation. The more they struggle for the insignia of the Noble Order of Mediocrities the more likely are they to get it; and the louder will the Bohemians laugh at them, their exotic decorations, and cheap epigrams.

Stiggins Checked!

Stiggins has been checked in London! The L.C.C., although many of its members, as I happen to know, do not care for "living statuary" any more than I, has refused to prohibit these shows. I repeat what I have said before on this page, that I should like to see these exhibitions stopped by variety managers themselves; for, if not offensive, they are dull, and many people who are far from prudish disapprove of them. But the set-back for Stiggins is very good news; it seems to suggest that the Moderate Councillors understand the Londoner more intimately in such matters than the late Progressive Councillors as a body did. The snuffling pro-Puritan clique has been a curse to London progressivism, and it is a danger to London Radicalism. It is trying to raise an agitation against the Council's wise and liberal policy in relation to popular amusements; a policy drastic enough to suppress wicked sketches based on the Thaw case, and broad enough to allow the amusement-going public to deal with the living statuary problem in its own way—which it is beginning to do—by ignoring it.

Playing Their Game.

I had a chat the other day on the subject of these shows with one of their purveyors. He confessed that their vogue was over, and that, let alone, the London people would kill them in a month by not going to see them; in fact, that they would have disappeared weeks ago had not the Bishop of London and the others, by their advertising protests, convinced certain variety managers that really there was still money in them. The point to remember in all these matters is that the tone and nature of popular entertainments must be settled by the people who go to entertainments, not by the unco' guid. These latter would resent the dictation of outsiders as to the choice of the demoralising tracts and other spiritual fare consumed by them; and in the same degree we object to their interference in things they do not understand, and, like the lady in Kipling, never can understand.

Dropping the Pilot.

Whilst the arbitrator was still considering his award in the music-hall strike dispute, the Variety Artists' Federation elected a new secretary in place of Mr. Frank Gerald. There is no imputation against the honesty or ability of Mr. Gerald; all that is urged to excuse what looks like rather harsh treatment of a good and faithful servant is "the need for more moderate counsels." I appreciate the need; for has nót the strike been condemned by its want of success? Still, there is a sound adage about not changing horses whilst crossing a stream; and even in the music-hall profession I have heard of persons with a sense of gratitude. Yet the while other and more gaseous "leaders" in the strike have fixed up fat contracts with the managers, here is Mr. Gerald left suddenly to his own resources. The ablest of them all, the founder of Federation Day, the man who by his organising ability in a few short months did what others had tried vainly to do for years—organised the "artistes" and made from a mob a highly-disciplined army. No wonder that so many brilliant men who "have been through it" admit sadly that the "Labour movement" is a very fine movement to be out of, and curse the day when they were led to imperil their own fortunes on behalf of "supporters" who only support you in the hour of victory. Mr. Gerald will be heard from again: he is the only big personality on the "employees'" side in the music-hall world, and the recent award will not long afford a working basis for the profession as a whole. Within a year, unless I am very much mistaken, the V.A.F. will want Gerald back and want him badly. But will he come?

The Theatre Trust and Art.

The New York Courts have decided that the Theatre Trust or "Syndicate" cannot be charged with "conspiracy in restraint of trade," because "plays are not articles of trade." Of course, this is the merest legal twaddle. Plays, in the hands of the Trust, are as much articles of trade as canned beef or sweated Bibles. That is why the Trust has succeeded; it has run theatres on sound business principles—buying plays, actors, authors, and the rest, and selling seats, just as Chicago buys bullocks and sells meat. For the time being it is the best of all possible schemes for the American dramatist, artist and public. Some day the "syndicate" may become as obsolete for U.S. purposes as the individual manager is already; then we may have State, Federal or City theatres, perhaps, where art is all and the box-office nothing.

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BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That the Premier is to be treated to an Irish "split."
That the Peace Conference is *not* a farce.
That Germany found the Lord Mayor "rugged."
That Summer is coming.
That Mr. Deakin knows how to hold his tongue.
That the Ascot Gold Cup did not go to an "outsider."
That England breathes again now that the Militia are safe.
That the Established Church is in danger of being "welshed."
That "freak" weddings will no longer take place.
That Lord Northcliffe has bought the Earth.
That the Randlords are not getting "Randy."

Every-day's Story: Motor he—Didn't see. Coroner's v.—R.I.P.

"Surely the end of the present Ministry is not far off," says the Madras *Mail*. Which end?

"To follow the *after life* of a resolution thirteen years *after it perished* is beyond even the powers of a public department," says C. B. See what comes of mixing Irish and Scotch.

An enthusiastic Bullite who asked a stranger "What his number was?" now sports an unassuming black eye. It appears that the stranger had just come from a place where numbers are compulsory.

A member of the Servian Parliament recently said that "so far back as he could remember, he had never told a lie." What a memory!

An American complains of being haunted by geese. So are we.

Two men were recently charged with catching pigeons outside the Stock Exchange. They should have gone inside.

The *Express* says, "There is no misfortune so great as a "record majority!" True, for the other side.

The *Church Times* is concerned because an Exeter bride was recently accompanied to the altar by her bulldog, wearing wedding favours. It is usually a puppy.

Mr. Balfour considers Ireland in a bad way. But its capital is always Dublin.

A man was sentenced to two months for taking two "V.V." loaves. Very Vile.

The Chinese are taking Botha's decision coolie.

A physician considers that every soldier should eat sweets. What about Bull's Eyes?

The Japanese exhibition is announced for 1912. We shall just have time to get a shave.

ADVERTISEMENTS TOO LATE FOR CLASSFICATION:—
For sale, a plough. Apply Head Gardner, Durdans, Epsom.
Lost, a Countess; reward. Keir, Merthyr.
A Gentleman is anxious to exchange Motor Car, for a Bath chair or quiet pony and trap.
Jockey wants Valet; also young gentleman as travelling companion; peer's son preferred.

"BARRITT.—On 16th instant, at the Savoy Palace, Strand, the wife of Clifton Barritt (the Popular Entertainer) of a son." We congratulate the popular entertainer on a heavy list of fixtures for the next few years.

In the Nairne divorce case the husband wrote:—"I need a clinging, obedient wife, who will not say, 'Go and soothe yourself,' but will never tire of talking to me." As to the clinging part of the soothing, we know nothing, but the wife who will tire of talking to you has not yet been invented.

Arthur Roberts has been sued by a member of his company for arrears of salary. The plaintiff alleges that "Arthur made beautiful speeches while the strike was on." We have heard of Arthur making beautiful speeches before.

Lord Roberts's persistent call to arms brings much correspondence to us from both the sexes—
A Gibson girl inquires, "Why shouldn't women bare arms?"
A patriotic baker says, "The country wants men, not loafers."
An unemployed waiter informs us he would most willingly serve at any time.

A member of the *Daily Mail* staff is anxious to interview the "red-haired girl." He is not the only one.

A friend of ours has been taking so much barley water to keep down a certain ailment that he now has a rye face.

Mrs. Rockefeller says she cannot afford oysters on account of the expense. May we suggest whelks? You get a lot of vinegar and pepper free of charge with a penny plateful.

The Bristol Board of Guardians has on its books "about 400 warrants for deserting husbands." But is there any warrant for deserting a husband?

£220 was recently given for a gold piece of Henry VIII. Truly a coign of vantage.

"The latest form of physical culture is to jump round your bedroom on all fours," says a daily paper. Bachelors have been doing that for years.

According to the president of the Chicago Dental Association, dentistry is looking up. It is usually the victim who does that.

The healths of a bride and bridegroom were drunk in tea and coffee at a recent Bristol wedding. They took to tannin each other early.

A man in Ohio tried to get a bullet out of a gun by melting. He got it. No flowers, by request.

Alcohol is suggested as a fuel for motors, and it is claimed that it "will not overheat the engine." But what about the chauffeur?

Mr. Rowland Hunt says: "If the country had a chance next month it would send the Government out to grass." Meanwhile, the Government ought to make hay.

"Domestic Hot-Water Apparatus" has just been published. It will probably receive a Benedict-shun.

Switzerland has a qualified woman chemist. She should be famous for her "pick-me-ups."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS:—

"Where Love Leads." (Hutchinson.) Generally, where the first player is a gentleman, hearts are trumps; if a lady, diamonds; whilst old gentlemen are particularly fond of clubs.

"Needles and Pins." (J. McCarthy.) A very smart book, bristling with good points.

"Watches of the Night." (G. R. Sims.) The story is very exciting; and is altogether hot stuff. In fact, it reminds us of the author's "Mustard and Cress." Readers, no doubt, will devour it with relish.

"Letters to Dead Authors." (Andrew Lang.) Written in a very burning style. We presume they will be delivered through the dead-letter office.

"The Midnight Guest." (F. M. White.) The guest arriving at this late hour was evidently uninvited; and the host soon convinced him that it had just struck one.

"The Wisdom of the Serpent." (Constantine Ralli.) A very fascinating book; but many of the sentences have an unpleasant sting about them. A new author, probably, as we do not see his name in "Zoo's Zoo."

The Burnyeat case will probably result in a boom in chlorodyne. Everyone of a convivial disposition will do well to carry a bottle as evidence in case of accidents.

In a recent Scripture examination a boy was asked if Noah had a wife, and replied, "Yes, sir—Joan of Ark." Pass the salt, please.

A resident of Crewe recently fell down dead whilst conducting a Bible class. Good thing it wasn't a theatre or a racecourse.

A five-year-old child, J. Smock, of Elmira, smokes fifteen cigarettes a day. We advise his parents to lift his smock in the good old way.

Sacco, the fasting man, has started a twenty-one days' fast at Hull, and has taken a phonograph into his cabinet. He evidently means to make a record this time.

Judge Willis told a shoemaker, "Never hold your head down before anyone, for some of us would go barefooted but for you." Leaving the question whether a man can take your measure with his head in the air, what about socks and stockings?

A reader of "How to be Happy Though Married" wrote to a paper to say "he had been married 43 years, and had never had a cross word with his wife." The editor sent down a reporter—only to find both man and wife deaf and dumb.

"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?"

See page 1.

At Cardiff, Miss Gawthorpe asserted:—"I have often read of the blushing bride and wondered why she blushed. To-night I know. It is when she thinks of the stamp of man she is marrying." And all the while she is thinking of the stamp, the poor fellow is simply looking forward to making a good impression.

A man's first bath at the age of fifty-seven caused his death. He must have thrown up the sponge.

Presumably, the idea of advertising is to attract custom. Here is a specimen of "How not to do it":—"You marry—we do the rest."

More punishment for the poor prisoners! Sunday performances of oratorio are to be given in Brixton Gaol.

From the *Western Morning News*: "Man wanted, to assist master, and milk a few cows; treated as one." Here's a chance for Jim Crow.

Dr. Mackintosh has just died in Aberdeen. He was the author of "Civilisation in Scotland." If we are to be guided by a late-lamented party of the name of Johnson, this book must be the smallest in the world.

Judge Willis, who is running Darling close as a humorist, says that "4s. 6d. a day is more than Adam and Eve had for working in a garden." Maybe, but then Eve's dress allowance and pin money were mere figments of the imagination.

Although we do not indulge in the sovrane herb, we heartily agree that all women should smoke when they persist in getting into a smoking carriage.

Empire Day was celebrated in Walworth by an outing for minors; on the Rand it was the miners who were "outed."

Triumph

The TRIUMPH CYCLE has for over 20 years been known as "The Best Bicycle British Workmanship can produce." It is not like any other bicycle; the many patented specialities embodied but confirm its claim to be ng the Bicycle of Distinction.
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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System Company write us as follows:—

> May we respectfully remonstrate at being butchered to help make a smart article by your clever contributor "S."? Jaeger Blouses are all that is dainty and sweet, as well as hygienic. Yet "S." associates them with "Old Persons, spectacles, a No. 9 smile, and (oh horror!) large boots." Will you not undo the wrong which "S." has (we are sure unwittingly) done to us, and accept our assurance that some of the prettiest and best girls in the Three Kingdoms wear our Blouses?

We have put our advertising contractors in touch with them!

"W. B." *was* at Epsom on Derby Day, after all. This is what he now writes us:—

> Deer Jenral,—Yu av dun me a grate injustis, yu sa that I was not at Epsum on Derbe da, I was and shal ever regret not takin the action I promisd, the reson wus thus, orrivin at the cors I arst a bukmaker wat chans Jon Bul ad, sad E "yuv namd the winer; I av infurmaton wurth a gina a wurd, that Jon Bul wil av tu jockes on im, 1 tu kepe his hed strate and 1 tu kepe his uther part strate. Bak im wiv me, mi lad, I wil la you over the ods; yu can av 8 tu 2;" sas I "buk me 8 quid tu win and 16 quid tu luse." I remembred no moor until comin tu at the station and chargd wiv welshin a bukmaker. Don't B dounarted sur, run im agin next yer, bi the luk of im, I got an idea that E wud du bettor wiv mor weit, it wud stedy im mor.
>
> Ever yors,
>
> W. B.

"A Constant Reader" (Hastings).—Limerick competitions are not necessarily fraudulent.

M. C. (Taunton and Oxford).—You have evidently mistaken him for somebody else. He is not the M.P. We like the Oxford manner even less than the Eton slouch.

Jim Crow went to Ascot, but dallied over his tea so long that he was too late to snatch the Gold Cup. About that tea he writes:—"I don't object to exorbitant prices when I go racing, but I think 1s. 6d. is a bit thick for one cup of tea (which cannot have cost more than 1s. 6d. the lb.), skim milk, two or three little bits of stale bread and butter, which the attendant picked up from a dirty table with her foul fingers, and a hunk of prehistoric cake. But that does not justify the conduct of a man I saw. He was dressed like a gentleman, but did not behave like one. When asked to pay, he shouted 'What! Eighteenpence for that muck? I call it a swindle.' Then he took two coins, raised them in the air, and flung them down violently upon the waitress's plate. She, poor thing, grew red and uncomfortable and it was hard luck on her, for she had nothing to do with fixing the price of the victuals. Moreover, the price was notified in plain figures on the wall."

"Bandarillero" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Muchas gracias.

T. P. (Aston).—We like butter, but Crow objects to puns about his being rooked at Monte Carlo.

C. H. T. (Cheltenham).—If we drew attention to all the slips in the *Daily Mail* we should have no room for advertisements.

G. F. W. G. (Bond Street), J. T. D. (Brockley), "A Reader" (Forest Gate), "A Well-Wisher" (S. Norwood), F. W. L. (Teignmouth).—Already noted. Avoid the John D. Macdonald Co. (96, Newgate Street, E.C.).

B. F. (Maldon) sends a circular about "moonlight trips" to Osea Island, the "charming temperance resort." One trip was announced for a night when there was no moon.

H. C. H. (Manchester) sends a printed postcard about "Meta-Christian application of minimax" and the existence of rich men being "a crime against God." He wants some millionaire to distribute a million more of these cards. We are sorry we cannot oblige him.

E. F. (Battersea).—Do not give even "a few pounds" to the International Securities Syndicate. They are rogues.

"New Reader" (Wisbech).—Charity lotteries are probably genuine enough, but not a profitable investment.

"Bullite" (Carmarthen).—Jim Crow's motor is not steady enough to collect 20z. of tea from the London Premium Tea Company.

"Proboscis" (Epsom) wants to know if he was wise in intercepting a letter addressed to his son by H. C. Temple (9, Pugh Place, Golden Square, W.) offering to cure a red nose for 11s. Why trouble to intercept it? The letter could scarcely have deceived a baby. Temple is an alias for the notorious Ponting.

"Steve" grows garrulous, but shall have another bit of poetry from our mews presently in return for her pearls.

A. S. E. (Shepherd's Bush).—Your very good health and all your family.

F. J. C. (Rutland Gate),—Of course in criticising Father Wilcox, we criticised an individual, not a church. We are quite ready to believe that Roman Catholics have tried to help fallen women. But Wilcox was our theme.

"A. C. S. Candidate" (Londonderry).—We are not prepared to condemn the present system altogether, but there is a good deal to be said from your standpoint. After all, however, the boys bear the heat and burden of the day.

W. C. H. (Liverpool).—Glad you liked Larry Lynx's portrait. The original is even better.

S. C. (London, N.).—"No" answers both queries. The "Specialist and Expert Negotiator" (Rex Trevor, 151, Regent Street, W.) does not sound alluring.

"Whiskers" (Birmingham).—Vivian agrees with Hales about Milton. The three weeks' interval prevents newsagents from picking out from the unsold copies the right numbers on our covers.

"Tollemache" (South Yardley) says he is legitimate King of Spain in the male line *ante* Ferdinand VII., but he wants secrecy. He shall have it so far as we are concerned. We won't breathe a word, though we are struck all of a heap by his poetry:—

> "The Dragon of Arragon, mark you well,
> The power of his claws as he fighting fell."

S. P. is too late to warn us not to publish Jim Crow's portrait. It is well in hand, but Jim thinks it a caricature, so no harm is done.

T. H. L. (Southport) asks us to criticise his poems. They have a good deal of vigour as well as pomp and circumstance. His gift will repay cultivation.

J. S. H. H. (Newport Pagnell).—The case is not of sufficient general interest for us to make a noise about it.

Major T. H. M. (London, S.W.).—We would gladly help, but we cannot advise the publication of poetry as an investment.

B. D. (N. Kensington).—Your friend need not worry. A watch is not a necessity, and cannot be sued for in the case of a minor. As Milton and Son were rude, they must not grumble if advantage is taken of the letter of the law.

T. E. D. (Bournemouth).—It is a mistake to quarrel with newspapers if it can be avoided; they always get the last word. We sympathise with Mr. Drake.

Ex-Joe (Birmingham) sends a cutting from the *Birmingham Evening Dispatch*:—"The Master said the present system had been left to get married." Fancy marrying a system! We are sure Lord Hugh Cecil would not approve.

E. A. J. (Tipton).—A boy, who travelled two miles to return £3 and was rewarded with a piece of cake, takes the biscuit.

A. J. G. (Leytonstone).—Too bad.

"A Sufferer" (Wales) and "A Reader" (Shoeburyness).—You should be more firm with book canvassers, but you need not pay.

H. B. P. (London, E.C.).—Cheer up. The tide will turn.

S. K. (Honor Oak).—Persevere, and you will find something even amid the forest of our advertisements.

Lieut. S. B. (Bloemfontein).—"The Het Volk" was, of course, a printer's error. Glad you approve otherwise.

W. T. T. (Lewisham).—The whole system of return tickets calls aloud for revision. Glad they like us in Hamburg.

W. H. T. (Abersomething).—Glad they like us at Sierra Leone.

S. P. (Woodstock Road) wishes us "happy and big returns," but threatens us:—

> "I'll lay in wait,
> To give you slate,
> With *quid pro quo*
> I'll stop your crow
> (Not Jimmy, bless him)."

Evidently an s.p. job. We are not singing to-day.

W. B. S. (Bridlington) has only just seen "Witty Cur's Almanack." For some reason or other it has inspired him to write to us about Scandinavia. We agree that Sweden was badly treated by Norway.

E. B. (Hatton Garden) says that the failure of poultry-farming in England is not due to hens or climate, but to the railway companies. Freights are certainly too high and, as E. B. points out, protection would not help. But motor collecting vans will.

H. L. K. (Chalk Farm) answered an advertisement offering a post as architect's assistant. Grantham and Co., advertising agents (35 and 36, St. Mary-at-Hill, Eastcheap), replied asking for 2s. 6d. down and half the fourth week's salary. No bet.

H. F. H. (Wakefield) complains that the firm of E. Green and Son, Limited, organised an excursion ostensibly for the benefit of their Sick Club, but only gave 10 per cent. to the club. Did they?

E. R. (West Kensington) and A. N. R. send us the following lucid extract from Lord Northcliffe D.N.'s new paper, the *Weekly Illustrated*:—

> Sunday afternoon. Denmark's driving from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace [illegible] Edward and the King of [illegible] on the back seat of the carriage in the large photograph are King and the Duke of Connaught. Denmark, and opposite their Majesties are the Prince of Wales and [illegible] seated facing towards us the smaller photograph the Queens of England and Denmark are [illegible] leading towards us the smaller photograph the Queens of England and Denmark are [illegible] royal guests, who had late left. A great crowd assembled at Victoria Station, and saw our [illegible] their Majesties will motorcade to Portsmouth in the morning. A hearty greeting. To-day [illegible] state to the Guildhall, on to Windsor, and lunch at the Castle. On Monday they drive in
>
> The King and Queen also on Tuesday visit the Horse Show at Olympia.

What did the compositor have for tea?

H. M. M. (Cleveland, O.) sends us a pretty picture of a nude nigger, and thinks free trade a "rotten doctrine." O!

J. B. B. (Cardiff) tries to prove out of the Bible that we shall not go to Heaven:—"No man hath ascended up to Heaven" (John iii. 13). What about women?

"Vigornian" (Worcester) sends us some of the local sauce about our assistant editor's portrait. He says we must expect Dawson and Roberts to talk of cannons, for they have anchored after them since they were in the nursery. This is inexcusable.

"Young John" writes sensibly but not briefly about Protection, Home Rule, cabbages, and Kings. He wants more Dooley and Vera Canute. Vera well, we will see what we can Dooley.

G. H. (Brixton Hill) and W. C. E. (Dovercourt) send a cutting from *Lloyd's News*, which answers the old riddle about "that man's father" wrongly. And the cream of the jest is that they used the words "of course" to emphasize their blunder.

J. J. C. (Shanklin).—Many thanks. We like butter.

F. P. (Ipswich).—Who is rowing at Thorpe?

R. B. (Glasgow).—See answer to J. J. C. (Shanklin).

E. M. B. (Whitstable) wants us to engage Jim Crow as jockey for "John Bull." At any rate, there would be no danger of "boring"—whatever may be said of "crossing."

J. T. B. (Birmingham) has some funny notions about Servian history. He says, "The Obrenovich family were responsible for the foul murder of the first King of Servia." But Milan, the first King of Servia, was himself an Obrenovich, and he was not murdered. J. T. B. is evidently thinking of Kara George. But Kara George was killed by Voitsa Vulitsevich, against the wishes of Prince Milosh, who was beside himself with grief when he heard of it. Even if Milosh had killed Kara George, that would be no reason for assassinating Milosh's great-great-nephew. And even if Queen Draga had been immoral (which is not true), would that justify her murder and mutilation? J. T. B. says that, if we don't stop denouncing the Servian regicide, he will transfer his patronage to the *Methodist Times*. We suppose he means that we are squeamish and puritanical in objecting to a fiendish crime.

"CYMRO" (Bangor) wants a biscuit for a local magistrate who, finding a blank calendar, said "it was the first time such a thing had occurred for the last 24 to 25 years, and he was extremely proud of the fact." It was certainly an ambiguous remark. ["Cymro" and J. G. (Battersea) grumble at the omission of Jim Crow's portrait. Wait a bit. It is very nearly ready.]

"A READER FROM YOUR FIRST NUMBER" (Peckham) has been arguing about "the right of the German Emperor to our own Thrown under the 'Savage Act.'" It was a savage act to pull our friend's leg so hard.

A. O. (London, W.) sends us a very old and not very delicate anecdote, which he says is "certainly original." Has he heard the one about the curate's egg?

F. E. (London, W.) draws attention to the "British" music at the St. James's Theatre by foreign composers. Poor old Alexander!

W. W. M. (Lee) draws attention to the hard case of a street musician. Someone offered him a shilling for tenpence. He pulled out his tenpence, and received a foreign coin. On discovering this, he chased his deceiver, tried to board a train in motion, was dragged along by it, and badly hurt. His instrument was smashed and his clothes were torn. For all this, the Bromley (Kent) magistrates sent him to prison for five days in default of paying 5s. fine and 8s. costs. His star was certainly not in the ascendant that day, poor fellow.

G. A. W. (Leicester), W. J. R. (Aberystwyth), "TEA MERCHANT" (Aldgate), B. J. M. (Camden Town), A. H. H. (Port Talbot, Australia), and many others.—See answer to E. S. (Bournemouth) and others in No. 54, page 589.

J. D. (Bristol).—You have undoubtedly been caught. Fancy being so simple as to send 5s. to a post office "as a guarantee that you would turn up." We will keep an eye on the papers. Have you the original advertisement?

C. W. (Watford), J. P. H. (Bulpham), E. H. T. (Dover), and others write about Clayton, Tailors, of the Minories. J. P. H. is satisfied; C. W. is not. Nor is E. H. T., who sent 30s. for a suit and an old suit as a pattern. He had great trouble in obtaining either, but Clayton wrote very politely, and there seems to have been no intention to defraud. We have, however, received other complaints about this firm, and are investigating their methods.

"COMMERCIAL" (Penzance).—Glad to know that although a Liberal you are not so bigoted as to think that "all Liberals in the House are Heaven-born statesmen." Perhaps, however, it is as well they are not. After all, we have to legislate for the earth. You are quite right about the party press. It is the curse of journalism and a fraud on the reading public.

"EPSOM LAD."—You are a good sort, but *don't* write poetry! When you feel it coming on again try a dose of the local salt.

"LADY ADMIRER" (Belgravia).—You flatter us, but we dare not send "a real photo." Belgravia!

SCEPTIC (Lewisham), Nemo (Reading), D. D. (Dundee), "What-ho" (Luton), and several others.—We would rather not pursue the topic. Have you heard of *esprit de corps*? Still, it was a near thing, and he was lucky to "get off." Ah, us!

"LOVER OF THE WEED" (London).—No, we do *not* say that smoking is a "vice." But it is sometimes a nuisance. You haven't got the story quite right. What happened was that the physician said to the dyspeptic patient, just as he was leaving the consulting room, "One word more. *One* cigar after dinner please, and no more." And when the poor chap went again and was cross-examined as to the cause of his increased suffering he replied, after much meditation, "I can only put it down to the cigar. You see, doctor, I have never smoked before, and it does make me *so* sick."

R. B. (London, E.C.).—We like "curious requests." Write to the Editor of the *Drapers' Record* and mention our name.

AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT draws our attention to the *Star*, which announced the birth of the Duchess of Scania's boy under the heading "A GRANDDAUGHTER FOR THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT." The Duke can keep on hoping.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

"What is your Number?" See page 1.

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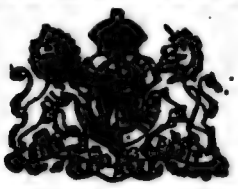

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Dogs and Dining.

I am told, on excellent authority, that the latest fashionable fad for women is to take their pet dogs out with them to dinner. Old-fashioned people have been complaining that conversation is a lost art. The ordinary dinner-table talk is fatuous enough, but presumably when pet dogs sit down with their mistresses the conversation will resolve itself into doggy baby language. I should like to know if James will announce the dogs' names to the hostess, also if entertainment will be provided for them in the drawing-room?

A contemporary has been enlarging on the subject of dogs and brains. A more edifying matter nowadays would be human beings with brains.

The Cult of Old Furniture.

There is no gainsaying that demand creates supply. The present craze for old furniture and china is responsible for the innumerable dealers' shops which have lately sprung into existence, not singly, but in whole streets. The amount of "Chippendale" furniture in the whole of these shops would have required a thousand Chippendales, who each should have attained to the age of Methuselah, and worked hard all their days to produce the works attributed to this master. I wonder if the good people who pay high prices for such rubbish are aware that most of it is turned out wholesale in the Curtain Road for a fraction of the prices charged?

A Lucky Find.

An American woman, not long ago, paid a big sum for a Queen Anne chair which she bought in London. She was so attached to her find that she would not let it out of her charge, and took it with her all over the continent before returning to America. When she arrived at New York, she had to pay a heavy duty before her precious possession could enter the country. She lived in a Western state, and by the time that she reached home with her chair it had cost her a pretty penny. She assembled her friends to appreciate her find. In examining the chair, one of her friends discovered a trade mark which had escaped the eye of the owner: it had been made in a neighbouring town to where the American woman lived, where she might have bought one exactly like it for a trifling sum.

Forbid them Not.

Little toyless children are to be turned out of our London parks, and only lace-frocked nurse-attended babies permitted there.

We shall see wan-eyed "little mothers" with their tiny, underfed brothers and sisters standing without the gates peering through the palings—till they are "moved on" by the child-fearing guardian of the small laws—upon the green playground that they have liked so well.

Poor hot feet, workful hands, white, ever-asking lips.

Shoes and the Woman.

Shoes composed of blue, pink, in fact, any coloured canvas to go with linen frocks, may now be purchased at the principal boot shops, and are delightfully cool and smart for river or country wear.

At a Gymnasium.

I was recently present at a gymnasium display, wherein men, women and children all took part, and my education was thereby considerably added to in various directions. The first lesson was highly moral—it was of the unstinted trouble and industry that are necessary to attain and keep success in any profession. The kiddies—all quite tiny, bless them—were arrayed with marvellous neatness in plaid costumes, while all alike had their tresses carefully plaited into a couple of pigtails, and I was told that their young teacher (Miss Beatrice Stempel), already successful as she is, had put every stitch into those twenty-two little costumes with her own fingers, and had come a couple of hours beforehand and done every one of those forty-four plaits herself, to make sure that her small pupils would be all uniform and tidy. There was industry!

A Lesson in Male Perfidy.

I was close to the chair into which one of the heroes of the blindfold boxing dropped panting, when "time" was called, and I watched with interest the proceedings of his "second"—I believe that's the correct term. First he fanned the heated one by flapping a large towel before him—what an effective device for ball-room use, thought I. He went on to roughly scrub his charge's perspiring countenance, and finished up by wiping his nose for him, seemingly unasked, as a mother does for her infant. Then, blindfolding him once more, he knelt down and proceeded to attend to some detail of costume at the back of the other's waist. "How sweet," thought I, "he is looking after his friend's appearance just as carefully as one girl might do for another." Now women are sometimes said to be treacherous, but, oh, my sisters! what can surpass this instance of male perfidy? This unscrupulous youth, taking advantage of his pal's helpless condition, was carefully arranging that a ticket from one of the chairs should hang suspended from the back of his crimson girdle. Thus the blindfolded one advanced again to the fray announcing to all whom it might concern, "This seat is reserved." Tut, tut!

A Drastic Remedy.

I really thought at one time that the youth who had constituted himself my mentor had some information to impart of priceless value to those of my readers who are inclined to embonpoint. "That fellow there," said he, "wanted to enter for a wrestling match as a light-weight. Being several pounds too heavy, he set to work to reduce, then went in and won." Eagerly did I inquire how this reducing success had been achieved, but, alas! I fear me the cure is as bad as the complaint. Here is the prescription, however, adapted for feminine use:

Choose a warm evening, the more close and sultry the better. Clothe yourself as follows:

Woollen "combies"	1 pair
Thick vests	4 or 5.
Winter stockings	2 pairs.
Flannel petticoats	4 or 5.
Blouses	2.
Thick coat and skirt	1.
Long jacket	1.
Gloves, ties, etc.	ad lib.

Let the patient go out and walk as if she had a most important train to catch and no time to do it in. If she breaks into a jog-trot every now and then so much the better. Ere long she will assuredly fall either into apoplexy or a profuse perspiration. If the former, convey her to the nearest hospital with all speed; if the latter, let her return home, and, after removing her many garments, let her maid or best friend rub her energetically from head to foot until she be as pink as any rose. Then let her go to bed and to sleep, but—urgent and important—not one drop of water, or anything else, is to moisten her parched tongue! If the patient be strong-minded on this point she may expect to be able to draw her corsets several inches tighter the very next morning. There is the remedy! If any bold and reckless heroine care to follow this drastic treatment, I should be much obliged if she, or her executors, will acquaint me with her experiences and the result.

A More Comfortable Recipe.

There is one way of utilising the unromantic process of perspiration as an aid to beauty that implies no serious risks. To thoroughly cleanse the skin of the face, pour boiling water into a jug and let the rising steam play gently upon the countenance until a mild perspiration is induced. Do not venture too close to the hot vapour, mind. Presently, dry the face, and firmly yet gently massage it with cold cream. The point to be remembered herein is that all the lines and horrid little wrinkles must be rubbed "contrariwise." If your rubbing follow the track they have already marked out for themselves you only help to deepen these enemies. After a while wipe off the grease very thoroughly, finish operations by a slight dash of powder, and your face will then be as fresh and fair as Nature permits. This course of proceeding should only be resorted to about once a month, or the pores may become enlarged, which is truly to be avoided.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
["Larry Lynx" of "The People."]

The "Law."

No two magistrates ever have the same opinions or give the same judgment concerning street betting.

Heads I Win, etc.

How many bookmakers MUST win to keep going in their own personal expenses, and therefore have nothing left to meet a bad time?

What Racing can Yield.

On an average the takings at the enclosure gates on a Grand Prix day total £14,000. It would be interesting to learn what the Ascot receipts are.

Deserved Progress.

A branch of the National Sporting League has just been formed in Hanley, under the able secretaryship of Mr. C. R. Mountford. Two meetings already called have been both well attended and enthusiastic, quite 70 per cent. of the audience becoming members.

Exceeds even Ascot.

For a small enclosure there is nothing to equal the wonderful cosmopolitan character of the little railed-off lawn in front of the weighing-room at Epsom. Here, during such a period as Derby week, foregather within a few square feet royalty, many of the nobility, together with every sort of famous folk in the racing world.

Cheaper than Ascot.

At Durban race meetings, held every month, the admission to the course is only 2s., to the Grand Stand enclosures 5s., or a combined ticket everywhere 10s., ladies being half-price. Carriages are admitted free, while everybody is very sensibly given a badge, and is supposed to wear it in lieu of the continual passing in and out upon paper checks as is done here.

Manton's "Benefit."

I should say that last week's field was one of the worst ever saddled for the Ascot Stakes—the largest troop which ever started for it numbering twenty-three. Mr. W. M. G. Singer and Alec Taylor, his trainer, seemed to lay themselves out for it, as did the late Sir Robert Jardine and Fred Bates, his trainer, twenty years ago.

They beat the Number Board.

Bookmakers each pay £1 a week for getting early (duplicated) sheets of "runners," which are very useful to them many a time, especially when they can get money out of a horse who is ridden by a "chalk" jockey, before the public—who would not otherwise be on—are aware of it.

A Great Necessity.

Despite its size, the Ascot paddock undoubtedly needs the now pretty general parade ring for horses, for it becomes so crowded that the danger—especially for ladies—of being kicked is manifest. As soon as some serious accident does happen—one lady did have an arm fractured—there will be an official mandate compelling such an enclosure to be put up in every paddock on licensed racecourses.

Almost Incredible.

It is hardly credible what a difference it makes to horses to gallop two miles on the flat, or two miles over eight small hurdles. As an instance, take Kolo, who was without doubt the champion young hurdle-jumper of last winter. Had the obstacles been up, the horse would have won the Ascot Stakes under a top weight. Yet, solely missing these eight leaps, Kolo—admittedly no boy's mount—literally tailed off, carrying the minimum impost. There can be no greater contrast.

Only a Lever.

How frequently do we see public favourites for big handicaps steadied in price by the announcement that "their running has not been decided upon," especially if the horses happen to hold other engagements at the same meeting or

Now is the time for sportsmen to seriously consider with whom they intend to entrust their turf commissions during the summer of 1907. There is certainly no turf accountant who transacts his business more carefully and thoroughly than Mr. E. W. Betts, of 41, Charing Cross Road. The features of this business house are generosity of terms and promptitude in all settlements. All accounts—large or small—receive careful personal supervision. Write at once for full particulars and terms of business. Telephone, No. 9137 Gerrard.—(ADVT.)

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versus THE

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in the near future. This I consider is not playing the game fairly, when the horses belong to certain influential owners, for the intention is, as a rule, pretty well known, and the canard is simply made to serve so that the price may be kept open for the benefit of those concerned. If this applies to the horse of a little owner who is racing for monetary gain only, it might be excusable, and yet we see the very same thing done time after time when the horses are owned by some of our patrician owners and, presumed, great sportsmen.

The All-Straw.

One of the features of the current racing season has been the abnormal success of the Duke of Devonshire's horses—for almost everything in his small stable has won. Cheshire Cat is, for instance, the best two-year-old that has carried the colour for some years, and she is supported by the very useful Acclaim, his half-brother Fugleman, Marcovil, and others. When one started winning everything followed suit, this being in extreme contrast to the luck of the jacket for the last two seasons. There is no commanding the luck, or accounting for it, bad or good. For more than a generation the Hartington colours have been famous and popular on the turf, being first carried by many a good horse entered in the "nom de course" of "Mr. Cavendish," before most of us can well remember turf doings. Then, as Lord Hartington, and for some years now as the Duke of Devonshire, has the all-straw jacket been sported upon useful high-class animals, and the victories of the phlegmatic Duke are ever appreciated. The Duke's speech in the "House," condemning the actions of the anti-sport faddists, will ever be remembered by the racing public. Moreover, at almost every important race meeting the Duke puts in a personal attendance, and his seizure with illness at Ascot was learned with general regret.

Next Monday.

I hope to greet many of my readers at Kennington Oval next Monday, when the Lord and Lady Mayoress will positively attend our charity cricket match in state. Those who have been to this annual game in the past need no inducement to come again—they know what a rattling sporting match it is—attended by thousands in the racing world, and thoroughly enjoyable. Others who do not know of the game I ask to accept my exhortation and come, if only for an hour—early or late.

Prophetic.

Sandown suggests a success for the King with SLIM LAD, most appropriately in the Sandringham Stakes, whilst Ascot running would make MILDEW II. take the Newstand Handicap, and TSU SHIMA the Rookery Plate. On Saturday SUCCOUR should win the Wellington Handicap. If SALFORD is kept for Carlisle he will go very close for either of his races.

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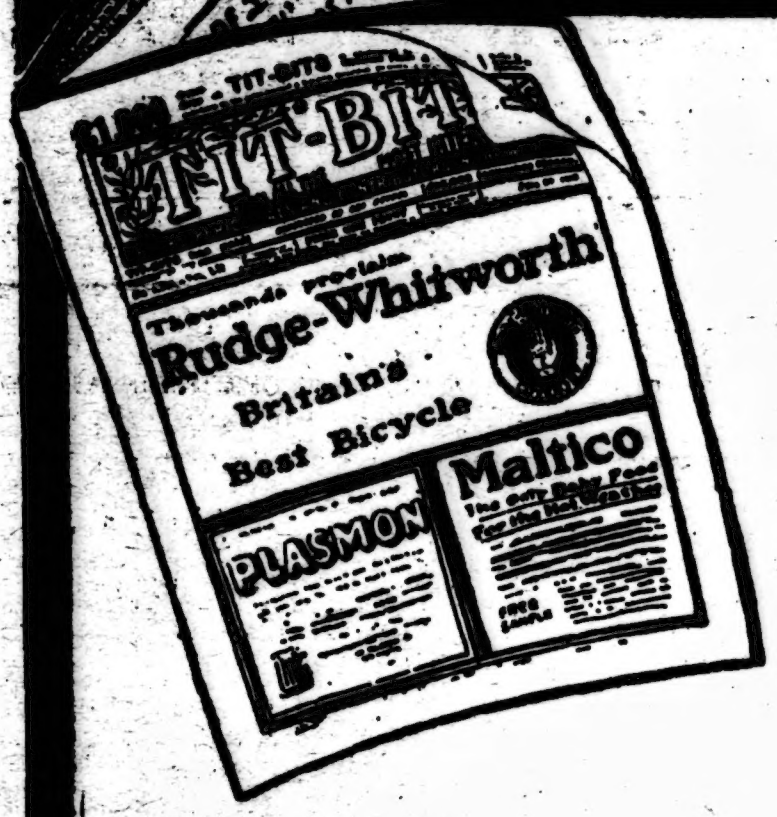

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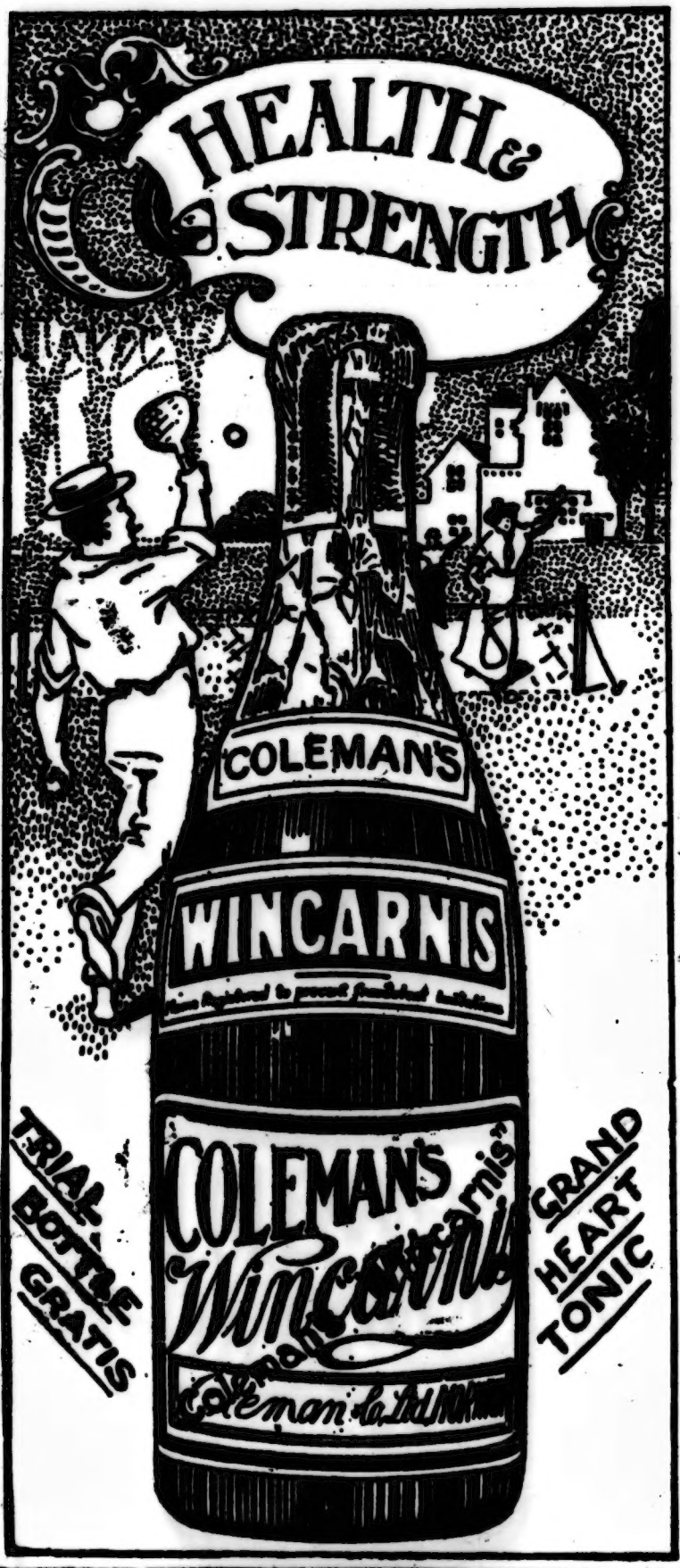

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